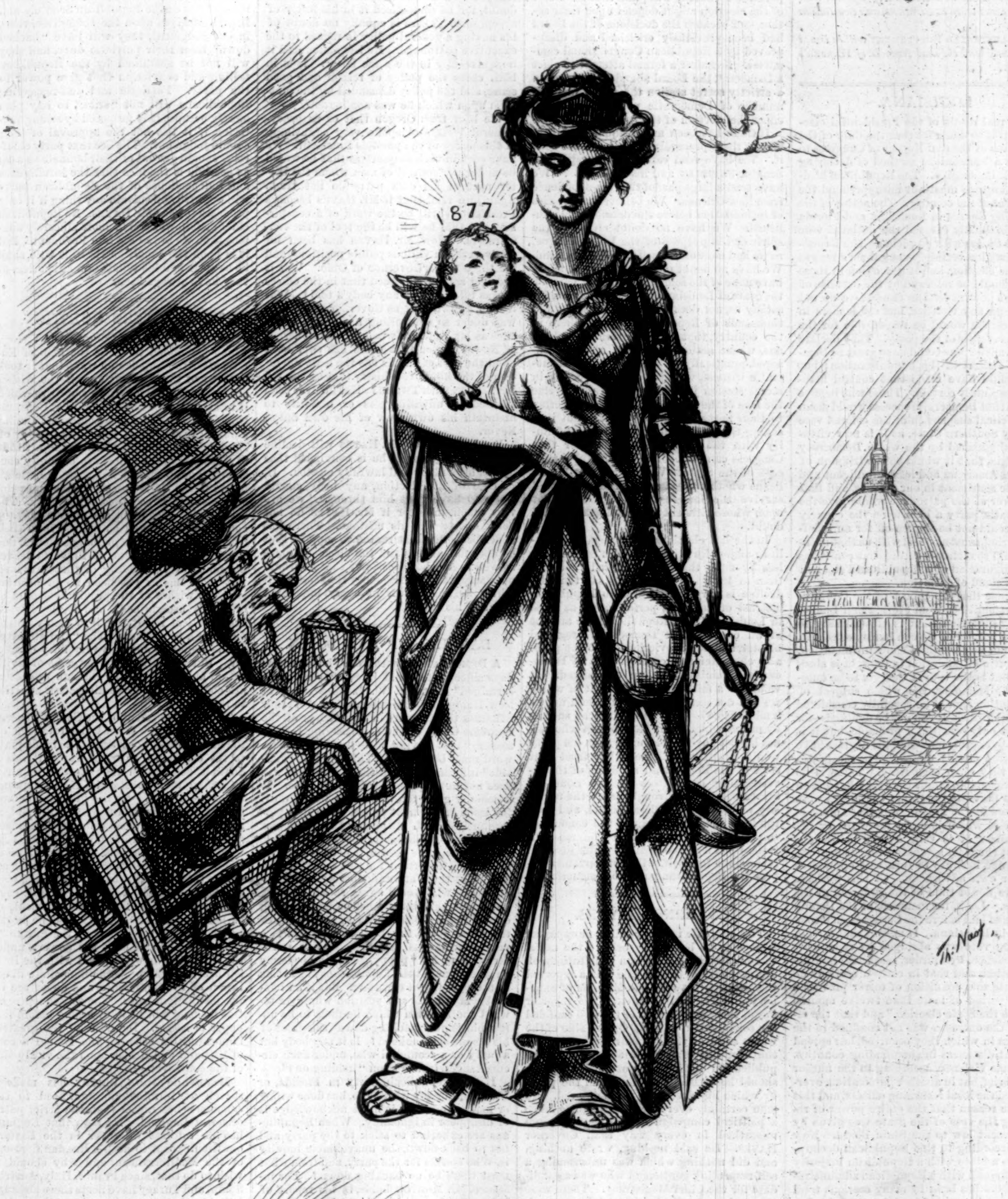
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXI.—No. 1046.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1877. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1876, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



JUSTICE BRINGS PEACE.

"Corruption wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, to silence envious tongues. BE JUST, AND FEAR NOT."—SHAKSPEARE.

**The Sale of HARPER'S WEEKLY last Week was over 110,000 Copies.**

*HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a page of* GERMAN SKETCHES, GENERAL DI CESNOLA'S *official report of his recent discoveries in the island of Cyprus, with diagrams and other illustrations, and two Italian Sketches.*

*An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## LOUISIANA.

THE real result of the Presidential election is so doubtful that the duty of the committee of the two Houses of Congress to provide a harmonious method of declaring it is most imperative. The Republican leaders in Congress must not misapprehend the sentiment of the country. The action of the Returning Boards in Louisiana and Florida has undoubtedly covered the declared vote of those States with suspicion. The Republican party has certainly not gained strength since the election, and if the action in those States should be followed by the exercise of doubtful powers by the Senate, we do not apprehend any violence, but the leaders in such a course would be responsible for the total overthrow of the party. They declare that no misfortune could be so great as Democratic control of the administration; but they would have made that control hereafter absolutely certain. Those who believe with us that Democratic success would mean the practical suspension of the colored vote in every Southern State, as it is now virtually extinguished by the white Democracy in Georgia, that it would be the triumph of the least American and least intelligent and patriotic sentiment in our politics, and that the power of the patronage would give the Democratic party a hold upon the country which could not be shaken off for an indefinite period, must also feel with us that nothing would so certainly secure that control as the inauguration of a Republican President under a cloud of suspicion.

We hope that the report of the Congressional committees from Florida and Louisiana may show that there is substantially no question left. But we can hardly expect it. It will not be enough to show intimidation. Democratic intimidation in Georgia is absolute. But is the vote of Georgia to be questioned? Moreover, the whole subject of intimidation should be carefully considered by Republicans. It can not be doubted—for it is not only essentially probable, but it is proved by experience—that the negroes have been often cruelly oppressed in the States where they have been freed. There is no more reasonable doubt that they have been so than that the Bulgarian Christians were oppressed by the Turks. But there is something else which is often forgotten by Republicans. It is that selfish politicians, without the least sympathy for the negroes, would not hesitate to turn this oppression to their own advantage. Of this we have no more doubt than of the suffering of the negroes. Look, for instance, at the Republican brief laid before the Congressional committee in Louisiana. It affirms that the Republican vote was abridged by conspiracy and violence, by murder, massacre, and assassination, and that in certain sections of the State this condition of terror prevailed "for a period of more than twelve months prior to the State election," and that the effect of the outrages was not confined to the parishes in which they occurred, but spread to great distances in surrounding counties. The same violence, according to the author of the brief, but in another publication, overpowered the local returning officers, and this was the reason that the entire power of returning the vote of the State was given by the present law to the State Board. Now here, according to this Republican declaration, in a State with a Republican majority of voters, and with a Republican administration, there has been in many sections total anarchy. There is no claim that the Republican Governor has made vigorous exertions to keep order, either by the State authority and force, or, if those were inadequate, by an appeal to the United States Executive. What is the inevitable conclusion? It is that the anarchy was found to be politically serviceable.

It is this very lawlessness and crime which it was Governor KELLOGG'S duty to suppress at all cost, and, if he were unable to do it, to ask aid of the President, which is now urged as a reason for throwing out just enough Democratic votes to put in the Republican electors. Before that can be approved, it must be shown that every proper step, State and national, was taken to keep the peace; and then the question will be, not of the validity of the vote of a few parishes, but of the whole State. The twenty-second joint rule was adopted to authorize the throwing out of the possible votes of States in rebellion. Its principle would cover the case of a State in a condition of anarchy like that described in the brief. Republicans must also remember that the proceedings of the Board were open to question, if nothing more. It was their duty to fill a Democratic vacancy. This became the more morally imperative because it was plain that the result of the election might depend upon their action, and because the decisions of the Board had been previously criticised and disapproved by a Republican Congressional committee. But after a formal attempt to elect a Democrat, the Board abandoned it, and in a strictly secret session threw out just the number of Democratic votes necessary to effect the election of the Republicans.

If there has been any adequate justification of these proceedings, we have not seen it. We have read carefully the report of Senator SHERMAN and his colleagues. We have read a large part of the correspondence from New Orleans. We believed the stories of intimidation before the details were published. We have no doubt either of the spirit or the purpose of the White League, as we had none of those of the Ku-Klux Klan. We have no doubt of the lawlessness, as we have none of the semi-barbarism, of parts of the State of Louisiana. But all this does not satisfy us, nor does it satisfy thousands and thousands of Republicans every where in the country, that therefore four Republicans, whose action had been already censured, practically refusing to have a Democratic witness, were justified in rejecting in secret session just enough votes to reverse the face of the returns and give the election to their party and ours. We are not now saying that their action is not in conformity with the law of Louisiana, nor that Congress can go behind the lawful certificate of the State. We are asking Republicans whether they suppose the party could survive the inauguration of a President upon whose title should rest a grave moral doubt.

In the last election the aggregate Republican majorities in the Northern States were less by more than five hundred thousand than in 1872. Is it unfair to say that the decline is very largely due to Republican distrust of just such performances as these in Louisiana? As Republicans we are not at all concerned at Democratic brag and bluster, and our convictions as to the probable character and consequences of Democratic administration are unchanged. It would be a misfortune the extent of which we can not measure. But it would not be a misfortune so great as Republican success by means which every Republican who values honest government more than his party would heartily condemn. We trust that some of the Republican members of the investigating committees in the Southern States will feel as strongly as we the necessity of clearing up these points, and that the Republican members of the committee to provide for the count in Congress will insist upon a method which, while just and reasonable in itself, will not certainly expose the Republican party to destruction.

## GOVERNOR HAYES.

THE only safe rule in reading newspapers is getting to be, not to believe the news. One of the latest European illustrations of the necessity of such a rule was a reported conversation between the Marquis of Salisbury and Prince BISMARCK. The reporter forgot to mention which of the two confided the conversation to him. On our side of the water some of the most striking proofs of the necessity of the rule are found in the publication of the intentions of Mr. HAYES, should he become President, and the plans by which his election is to be assured. No man certainly ever passed through so fierce a political campaign in this country more unscathed in every way than Governor HAYES. He said nothing, wrote nothing, and did nothing which was unbecoming a self-respecting gentleman who was a candidate for the Chief Magistracy. There were those who were displeased with his tranquil reticence, and who wished him to "take a position," or "express his views," or "show his pleasure or displeasure." Mr. HAYES, on the contrary, very properly felt that whatever he did or said could be interpreted only as the word or deed of a candidate, and he maintained the true dignity of his position. If he had been nominated, as was alleged, without sufficient knowledge of him on the part of the people, he knew very well that what he did after his nomination would properly have very little weight. This was well shown by Mr. TILDEN'S letter on the payment of the Southern claims. Its effect was to confirm the reality of the danger.

Since he would not speak, the Democrats in despair declared that he could not speak, that he had no opinions, no character; and Mr. DORSHEIMER even ventured to say, contemptuously, that he believed Mr. HAYES had been a corporal, or major, or captain, or something, in the war. Since the election, and pending the lawful declaration of the result, Mr. HAYES has been equally reserved. But the ingenious purveyors of news have informed us of his interviews with Mr. LAMAR and of his undoubted Southern policy. That if he should be the President he already has a Southern policy there is no doubt, for he announced it in his letter of acceptance. There is equally no doubt of his having a general policy in regard to the executive patronage. He has announced it unequivocally in the same letter. It is in both cases the policy of reason and good sense, and the policy demanded by the platform upon which he was nominated.

We hear from Oregon that ex-Attorney-General WILLIAMS spoke very slightingly of this policy of the possible President. We have seen in various quarters that he would be under the control of men whom the better part of his own party do not trust. Again, we read that if Mr. HAYES becomes President, it will be the work of a conspiracy, and that he will be the tool of the conspirators. Now Mr. HAYES has been for many years in various public positions, and for three terms Governor of Ohio. Was it ever yet said or supposed that in the offices he has filled he was any body's tool? Was it ever known that as Governor of Ohio he was under so controlling a personal influence as Mr. SEWARD when he was Governor of New York, or that there has ever been upon the part of Mr. HAYES the least toleration of the kind of sophistry that associated Mr. TILDEN with TWEED? Has he ever been accused of unwillingness or inability to maintain his own view of his own duty? Never.

We believe that Mr. HAYES will decline the Presidency unless he is convinced that he has been fairly and lawfully elected. If, in case of his election, any body should claim to have "put him through," we are very much in error if Mr. HAYES do not point out to him his mistake. There has never been the least reason to suppose that he does not understand the situation quite as well as any body else, nor that he would not carry into the Presidency the same spirit which he has shown in every important epoch of his life.

## BACKING UP AND DOWN.

A DEMOCRATIC report from Florida a few days since stated that it was "reliably ascertained" that Mr. W. E. CHANDLER, of New Hampshire, had telegraphed Governor STEARNS to disregard a mandamus of the Supreme Court of the State, saying in substance, "that having started, no step backward must be taken." This kind of "reliable" information from the Southern States does not now appear for the first time. It is usually good for what it is worth until the issue of the next paper, when it is peremptorily denied. As long as this particular information has been "reliably ascertained" by no responsible person, it need trouble no one. It is important for this consideration only, that there are undoubtedly many Republicans who would agree, rather vaguely but firmly, that there must be no "backing down" before Democratic swagger. Now the usual spirit in which this is said is a very mischievous and dishonorable spirit. Stripped of all "poppy-cock," it is merely an assertion that the Republicans must stick to the party right or wrong. But if an honorable man takes any position whatever toward another man which he finds to be untenable, is not "backing down" the proof of his honorable manhood? Is it any body but a bully or a scoundrel who, under such circumstances, insists upon "holding on?"

If the Republican party in Florida, or Louisiana, or any where else, has done wrong or made a mistake, it must acknowledge it or disappear in ignominy. When Republicans are exhorted to stick to the party and not to back down, the unavoidable inquiry is, Who speaks for the party, and from what must there be no backing down? For instance, Mr. MORTON holds, in his report of May, 1874, that the President of the Senate must, from the necessity of the case, finally decide between two sets of electors from a State. Is that, therefore, the Republican position from which no sound party man must back down? Are we all to stick to that through thick and thin? But last year Mr. MORTON'S bill, passed by the Senate, provided that if there be contesting returns from a State, that return and that only shall be counted which the two Houses, acting separately, shall decide to be valid. Is that also the position which we are all to "back up" and stick to to the bitter end? Or are we to back up the twenty-second rule, which we Republicans adopted, and which allowed either House to throw out the vote of a State, and stick to that?

There is as yet no Republican position upon the subject. The exact situation in which we now are, as Mr. MORTON conclusively showed in his report, has not been provided for. The committee of the two Houses has been appointed to make provision, and the only position that Republicans ought to take is that the provision made by the committee shall be evidently reasonable and in the spirit of the Constitution, whether it promises to secure the election of Mr. HAYES or not. If that should not be the position of the Republican Senators and Representatives upon the committee, then, in our judgment, they will have "backed down" from their patriotic duty, and they will not be sustained by the Republican feeling and conviction that give power to the party. Patriotic and self-respecting Republicans will not "stick" to any plan merely because it is proposed by strong partisans, if it has not the approval of their candid judgment. The bee that party chieftains should get out of their bonnets as soon as possible is the idea that the intelligence and independence of the Republican party will approve and sustain any thing if it only promises to elect Mr. HAYES. No Republican chief or follower can be more sincerely anxious than we are to see him President. But it is upon the condition that his title shall be as clear and his reputation as spotless as they have always been.

## THE EASTERN QUESTION.

IT was said of the Congress of Vienna, which assembled to settle the map of Europe after the Napoleonic wars, that it took account of every thing except the wishes of the people in the various countries which it re-arranged. The Conference at Constantinople proceeds upon a somewhat similar plan. The wishes of Russia, the policy of England, the pride of Turkey, the attitude of Germany and France, are carefully considered and discussed, but there is little allusion to the Danubian provinces and principalities except as pawns in the game. The action of Herzegovina and Servia may, of course, be considered as indicative of their discontent and desire of independence, and the Turkish treatment of Bulgaria leaves no doubt of the feeling of that province. But there has as yet been no proposition that the wishes of the provinces should be distinctly ascertained; and if there were, the practical result would probably be the policy of a few leaders. The "Christianity" of the region is not of a very lofty character. But practically, for purposes of civilization and progress, the Russian protectorate could not fail to be altogether superior to the Turkish.

The first movement of the Conference was very significant. It was the rejection of the new Turkish Constitution as inadequate to the occasion. In other words, it was a distinct declaration that Europe required something more substantial than the promise of the Sultan. He has promised before, but he has not performed; and the Bulgarian atrocities have so thoroughly aroused and excited the public mind that the continued abandonment of the Christians to the mercies of the Turks, with no other security than the Turkish word, would be a monstrous offense. This has been fully comprehended by the British Government, or at least by Lord SALISBURY, and he began by demanding the assent of the Sultan to the general proposals of the powers, under the threat of his withdrawal with the British fleet, and the probable immediate dissolution of the Conference and departure of the plenipotentiaries. The consequences of this demand will be known long before this paper is issued. But it is of the greatest importance as showing the virtual accord of England and Russia upon the vital point of the controversy.

Meanwhile JOHN BRIGHT has made a speech at Birmingham, addressed to the common-sense rather than the strict patriotism of England. He says that England has no interest whatever in the Eastern question except to keep a Russian fleet out of the Mediterranean, and why should it wish to do that, since France, Italy, Austria, Spain, and Turkey have fleets there already? It is, in effect, a speech against international jealousy. The position of Russia upon the Black Sea, with no outlet except through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, compels her to seek that passage. It is unquestionably what England would do in the same situation; and MR. BRIGHT scouts a British policy upon the question founded on fear. There was never a time when such an appeal would be so powerful as now, for there was never a time when common-sense was more influential in public affairs. MR. BRIGHT, in alluding to the "Buncombe" speech of Lord BEACONSFIELD at Guildhall, said, felicitously, "The Prime Minister may be a great actor, but, somehow or other, he seems to me as if he always played rather to the galleries."

## ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

A GENTLEMAN who has been employed in the internal revenue service continuously for thirteen years sends us an interesting account of the mischief that resulted in the local department from the abandonment of control by the head of the office to the chief clerk. This, he thinks, is one of the main reasons of dissatisfaction with our civil service. The head of the office was appointed by President LINCOLN through the influence of a Senator. He was a "Union Democrat," and an efficient and satisfactory officer. But he became interested in business apart from his official duty, and was at last so entirely absorbed in it that the control of the office passed entirely to the chief clerk, who appointed his relations and friends, and suffered the efficiency of the office to decline to such a degree that "the principal work performed by the deputies consisted in sitting a few hours a day in the office, reading the papers, telling jokes, and occasionally taking a return or a report from a willing tax-payer, while the hard work and the most important part of the duty of deputies—that is, proving the correctness of returns, detecting frauds, and stirring up delinquents—was almost entirely neglected. Many parts of the district seldom saw a revenue officer."

Our correspondent estimates that more than half a million dollars was annually lost to the government in the district; and he mentions several instances of culpable neglect which he presumes were found to be profitable to the agents. This evil, he asserts, still exists on a great scale. "A chief officer receives an appointment through influence which makes him feel perfectly independent of the people. He then appoints a chief clerk, to whom he turns over the entire management and control of the business of the office, while he himself merely acts as figure-head and draws the salary." It is an evil, undoubtedly, which any sound system would tend to remedy, but it is a kind of personal dishonor which under any system would be hard to reach. The most that can be hoped is a reasonable system, which, by appealing to the honor and pride of officers, would give to the civil service the sense of personal dignity in the various grades that is felt in the military service.

## MR. HEWITT'S LETTERS.

MR. HEWITT, the chairman of the National Democratic Committee, is an able and intelligent man, but he is plainly too impetuous and impulsive for the positions he holds. In his place in the House of Representatives he threw a slur of the worst kind upon one of the most admirable and efficient public officers, the Postmaster of New York—so admirable and efficient an officer, indeed, that MR. HEWITT said the next day that he hoped no change of administration would disturb his tenure. The charge was that MR. HEWITT's letters were opened in the New York post-office. Postmaster JAMES immediately demanded an investigation, and the result has been not only his entire exoneration, but it has raised very grave doubts whether MR. HEWITT himself was not convinced that he was wholly mistaken. Neither MR. JAMES nor his friends can regret an accusation which has again called public attention to his masterly management of his office.

But the country ought to draw a moral. Here is a public officer so efficient that not only the great business interests that deal with the mails, and his own political friends, but the chairman of the committee of his political opponents, agree that he is the very man for the place, and ought in the general interest to remain. Yet if the Democratic party should obtain control of the administration, MR. JAMES would be removed. His experience, his intelligence, his energy, tact, easy comprehension and control of the business by which the operations of the office are facilitated to the public, all would be of no avail. The "reformers" would divide the spoils. The interests of the public service, in which all the people are interested, would be set aside for the party purposes of a few politicians.

This will continue until the people are interested enough to insist upon a change of the system, and upon retaining in the public service men whose character and efficiency have been tested as those of Postmaster JAMES have been.

## A DROP OF MEXICAN POISON.

IN a recent article we said:

> "Republicans can certainly not stand an imputation of fraud upon the election of their candidate. Can the Democrats? If the Republican Returning Board of Louisiana is a suspicious body, is the Democratic White League any less so? If active Republican politicians in the disputed States are scalawags, do not active Democratic politicians refuse to put a stop to assassination and terror which enure to their party advantage?"

The *Nation* quotes these words as evidence that what it calls the "Mexican poison" has reached this country, and comments as follows:

> "We do not here offer any opinion on the facts of the dispute. We concede that the Democrats are as bad as the Republicans. What we wish to mark in the above is the fact that the writer considers it, if not fair, at least excusable and 'quits' for a legally organized judicial body to use fraud as a means of meeting the open violence of marauders or assassins. This is a thoroughly Mexican idea, and perhaps touches what is lowest in Mexican politics."

The habitual readers of *Harper's Weekly* do not need to be told that no paper has more steadily advocated the correction of lawlessness by law. But for the enlightenment of any reader of the *Nation* who should chance to see this paragraph, we desire to say that the article from which the *Nation* quotes was simply an exposure of the folly of affectation of superior virtue by either party in the pending debate; and to prevent any misunderstanding of our purpose or spirit, the article began by saying that "there is universal agreement among all good citizens that a President must not be brought in by fraud." If, after this, the words quoted by the *Nation* seem to any intelligent person an assertion that it is excusable for a legally organized judicial body to use fraud as a means of meeting the open violence of marauders or assassins, we can only refer him to the article in question and to every article in the *Weekly* upon the same subject. He will see that we were not proposing that judges should hang prisoners whose looks they did not like. We were only remarking that it is amusing to hear burglars reproaching pickpockets with stealing.

## PERSONAL.

IN STODDARD'S *Anecdote Biography of Shelley*, recently published by SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG, & Co., are many "personals" of the poet, some of which are amusing. For example, this: "Bread became his chief sustenance, when his regimen attained to that austerity which afterward distinguished it. He could have lived on bread alone without repining. When he was walking in London with an acquaintance, he would suddenly run into a baker's shop, purchase a supply, and breaking a loaf, he would offer half of it to his companion. His pockets were generally well stored with bread. A circle upon the carpet, clearly defined by an ample verge of crumbs, often marked the place where he had long sat at his studies, his face nearly in contact with his book, greedily devouring bread at intervals amidst his profound abstractions. For the most part he took no condiment; sometimes, however, he ate with his bread the common raisins which are used in making puddings, and these he would buy at little mean shops. Oranges and apples were always welcome to him; salads, pies, and puddings were acceptable. His beverage consisted of copious and frequent draughts of cold water, but tea was ever grateful, cup after cup, and coffee. Wine was taken with singular moderation, commonly diluted largely with water; spirits he avoided even in the most minute portions. The restraint and protracted duration of a convivial meal were intolerable; he was seldom able to keep his seat during the brief period assigned to an ordinary family dinner." After reading these odd characteristics, who can wonder that he was moody, often in trouble, generally unhappy, not a "good fellow" at all, and, finally, that he should be drowned at the age of thirty, and his body cremated by two or three friends? That man would never have gone off in that way if he had taken kindly to steaks, chops, cutlets, and game, with an occasional light moistener of ale or claret. No doubt about it.

—The discoveries of Dr. SCHLIEMANN at Mycenæ continue more and more interesting. In a tomb recently opened he found a large golden mask and an enormous breastplate of gold. He also found the body of a man, wonderfully preserved, especially the face. The head was round, the eyes large, and the mouth contained thirty-two fine teeth. There is, however, a difficulty about preserving the remains. There were also found fifteen bronze swords with great golden hilts; a mass of immense golden buttons splendidly engraved ornamented the sheaths of the swords. Also two great golden goblets and a great quantity of other objects in gold, articles in earthenware, a carved wooden box, several articles in chased crystal, ten large cooking utensils of bronze, but no traces of any thing in iron or glass.

—The Hon. BEN HILL, a member of the House of Representatives from Georgia, and one of the notable members of that body, is fifty-three years old, and a man of fine personal presence. He possesses an exceedingly pleasant, almost musical voice, and is graceful and easy in gesticulation. The most characteristic point connected with his personal bearing is the peculiar manner in which he habitually carries his head, which he does by dropping his chin almost upon the breast, and looking up and out from under his eyebrows. This he does alike in walking and sitting, but when speaking he throws his head up and square. MR. HILL is one of the most scholarly men in Congress, and is a great lover of books and home. He is never seen about the hotel lobbies, or rolling round as the common run of Congressmen do, and he is never absent from the House whenever any matter of importance is under discussion, for his peculiar attitude will always arrest the eye of the observer as he sits somewhere near the man who may be speaking, so that he hears clearly what is going on in the noisy chamber.

—The young King of Greece has returned to Athens, with his wife and children, after a royal vacation of six months, which he has spent in Denmark and countries round. A torch-light procession of the students to testify their loyalty took place in the evening. It was joined by thousands of the citizens. When they reached the palace the king appeared on the balcony, and in response to the deafening cheers, said: "I thank you from a full heart. Such a reception we shall never forget as long as we live. I hope that it will please God to let us attain that for which we are all so earnestly striving."

—The students of Yale are practical young Yankees, and quite cute at getting even with yᵉ astute professor. The students of that institution chant anthems which are so far below the standard of the old-fashioned college songs that the faculty ordered all singing to be discontinued on the campus or in the buildings. But in doing this they forgot that the chapel was one of the buildings, and forgot to say any thing about singing in divine service. So a few Sundays ago the students took occasion to square the account by steadfastly refusing to sing a note. The hymns were given out as usual, and the new drab-covered hymn-books were reverently opened, but not a sound of vocal song came from the lips of the collegians. The three or four professors who were present had to take the burden of the service of song, and a most onerous burden it proved to be. None of these gentlemen being musical men, the singing dragged along in a manner which was decided to be both painfully wearisome and ridiculously inharmonious. It was agreed all round that the students had the best of it, and that the faculty would do well not to interfere with such singing as they may choose to perform.

—Senator EDMUNDS, of Vermont, in a eulogy on Senator CAPERTON a few days since, referred to the interesting fact that although the Senate is the most enduring branch of the government in its personality, except the judiciary, it has now only three members who held their seats during the administration of President LINCOLN, and only eleven who participated in the impeachment trial of ANDY JOHNSON in 1868. The three Senators whose terms of service date back to the time of President LINCOLN are MR. ANTHONY, who took his seat in 1859; MR. SHERMAN, whose first term began in 1861; and MR. HOWE, whose membership also dates back to 1861. MR. CAMERON was in the Senate as long ago as 1845, but he resigned in 1861 to take the office of Secretary of War, and did not return to his seat until 1867. MR. HAMLIN, although not a Senator during MR. LINCOLN's administration, presided over the body in virtue of his office as Vice-President of the United States.

—ALEXANDER HAMILTON was the first man who undertook to found a government newspaper in this country. It was entitled the *Gazette of the United States*. It was nominally conducted by General FENNO, and was published in this city. JOHN ADAMS wrote for it under the signature of "Davilla."

—JOHN MILLS is an enterprising Englishman, doing business at Twickenham, and his "style" may be inferred from the following advertisement, copied from the Richmond and Twickenham *Times*: "JOHN MILLS, 5 and 15 Heath Road, Twickenham, gives the highest price for old lumber, etc.; in fact, he will buy any thing, from a house to pull down to a ship to break up. For sale, cheap, a second-hand tombstone." The question that puzzles is, Who would sell or who would buy a second-hand tombstone?

—The Shah (or "Mr. Shaw," as the London swells called him) of Persia is going to Europe in '78 to witness the Exhibition. He will perambulate in the strictest *incognito*. He is now studying French and English with a view of going about alone among the plain people, and seeing exactly how they live, move, and have their being.

—It is not surprising that "personal" incidents like the following should occur in Detroit, nor that they should find their way into the *Free Press*: When a man jumped into a Cass Avenue car, and nearly mashed a passenger's foot, the victim cried out, "You are a blundering ignoramus, and I know it." "I am, am I?" "Yes, you are." "Will you be kind enough," continued the big man, as he took his seat, "to tell me whether your opinion is based on the returns of 1872 or 1874?"

—JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT, in the sweetness and mellowness of middle life, with all the comforts that affluence brings, and all the respect and esteem that come from a beautiful character and life, has added to her own happiness, and will carry happiness for hundreds of years to come to many a child of genius, by having presented to the Stockholm Academy 40,000 crowns, the interest of which is to be devoted to the support of artists.

—Dr. W. W. MORELAND, who died a few days since in Boston, bequeathed $5000 to the foreign missions of the Episcopal Church, $5000 to its domestic missions, $3000 to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, $3000 to the Massachusetts Benevolent Society, $2000 to the Society for the Relief of Indigent Clergymen, and $2000 to the Church Home for Orphan and Destitute Children in South Boston.

—The Marquis of Salisbury, Secretary of State for India, is the subject of an elaborate and very pleasant sketch in the London *World*. It says: "It was a theory of the present marquis's father that younger sons should be acclimatized to physical discomfort. In rigid consistency with this doctrine, ROBERT and EUSTACE were compelled to sleep in a room together on mattresses thrown on the floor. The practice is one which turned out well in the case of the CECILS, since it has firmly implanted in them a sublime self-reliance and a precious habit of doing things by themselves and for themselves, without troubling or leaning on others. At Eton, and afterward at Oxford, the vigorous helpfulness of Lord ROBERT CECIL attracted the regard of his contemporaries, the most sagacious of whom pointed him out as a younger son who could take care of himself. In his trip to America, Australia, and round and about the world generally, he again showed his aptitude for being in the front of every well-directed movement. The circular trip was a new thing when Lord ROBERT CECIL made it a quarter of a century ago. On this journey he displayed the fruit of the hard system of education. He knocked about quite alone, without companion or servant, and acquired the arts of washing and darning for himself while 'roughing it' with like rapidity to that which he subsequently showed in grappling with the difficulties of the unlucky railway company whose presentation service of plate is familiar to the guests at the select dinners at Hatfield. As Marquis of Salisbury, the caustic reviewer, the acrid debater, has ripened into a model minister, with an almost unrivaled power of getting through masses of dry and difficult work. He has qualified himself for the task of making history as he qualified himself as a journalist—by severe study and patient labor. Whether living at Dieppe, at Arlington Street, or at Hatfield, the tall man with the clear-cut features, bald head, and stooping shoulders is always at work from desire, habit, and necessity."

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: Very little business was done during the week. On the 22d ult. the Senate adopted the resolution calling for an investigation into the appointment of Cronin as a Presidential elector for Oregon. The House appointed two committees on the electoral questions, one to act in conjunction with that already named in the Senate in preparing a measure for counting the vote, and the other to report independently upon the privileges and powers of the House in counting the vote. The first one is composed of Messrs. Payne (O.), Hunton (Va.), Hewitt (N. Y.), Springer (Ill.), on behalf of the Democrats, and M'Crary (Ia.), Hoar (Mass.), and Willard (Mich.), for the Republicans. The second one, to inquire into the powers of the House, is composed of Proctor Knott (Ky.), Wike (Ill.), Douglass (Va.), Maish (Pa.), for the Democrats, and Burchard (Ill.), Seelye (Mass.), and Munroe (O.), from the Republican side.—On the 24th the House met, with one-third of its members present, and after a session of twenty minutes adjourned till the 27th. The Senate met on the 26th, and after some unimportant business adjourned till the 29th. In the House, on the 27th, a bill for the government of the District of Columbia was reported from the joint committee on the subject, which provides for a governing commission of three, one to be appointed by the President and one to be chosen by each House of Congress. A message from the President relating to extradition with Great Britain was submitted, stating that in view of the recently changed position of that government he would continue to regard the treaty as operative, and recommending the formation of a new treaty. A petition in relation to the counting of the electoral vote brought on a political discussion, mainly on the condition of Louisiana, in which Messrs. Banning, Garfield, Frye, and Spencer took part. The petition is accompanied by a resolution that the President of the Senate has not the power alone to count and declare the vote.

The commission appointed by the President to report on the feasibility of a canal across the Isthmus of Darien have made a favorable report. They say it can be built in ten years for $10,000,000. Communications have been sent to the principal powers of Europe directing attention to the satisfactory results of the surveys. Replies have been received from several of the governments thus addressed, in which they express themselves favorable to an early beginning of the work.

Both sections of the South Carolina Legislature adjourned *sine die* on the 22d ult.

The commission to negotiate a treaty with the Sioux Indians has made a report giving the details of the negotiations last summer and autumn. They disapprove of the transfer of the management of the Indians to the War Department, warmly commend the peace policy, and recommend that any Indian woman who lives with a white man shall be his lawful wife.

The annual report of General Eaton, the government Commissioner of Education, shows that out of a total school population in the United States of 14,007,522, there are 8,756,659 persons receiving a public-school education, besides those receiving private instruction.

The petition to the Supreme Court of South Carolina to remove the *quo warranto* proceedings by the Tilden electors against the Hayes electors in South Carolina to the United States Circuit Court, under the Act of 1873, was denied by Judge Willard on the 26th ult.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

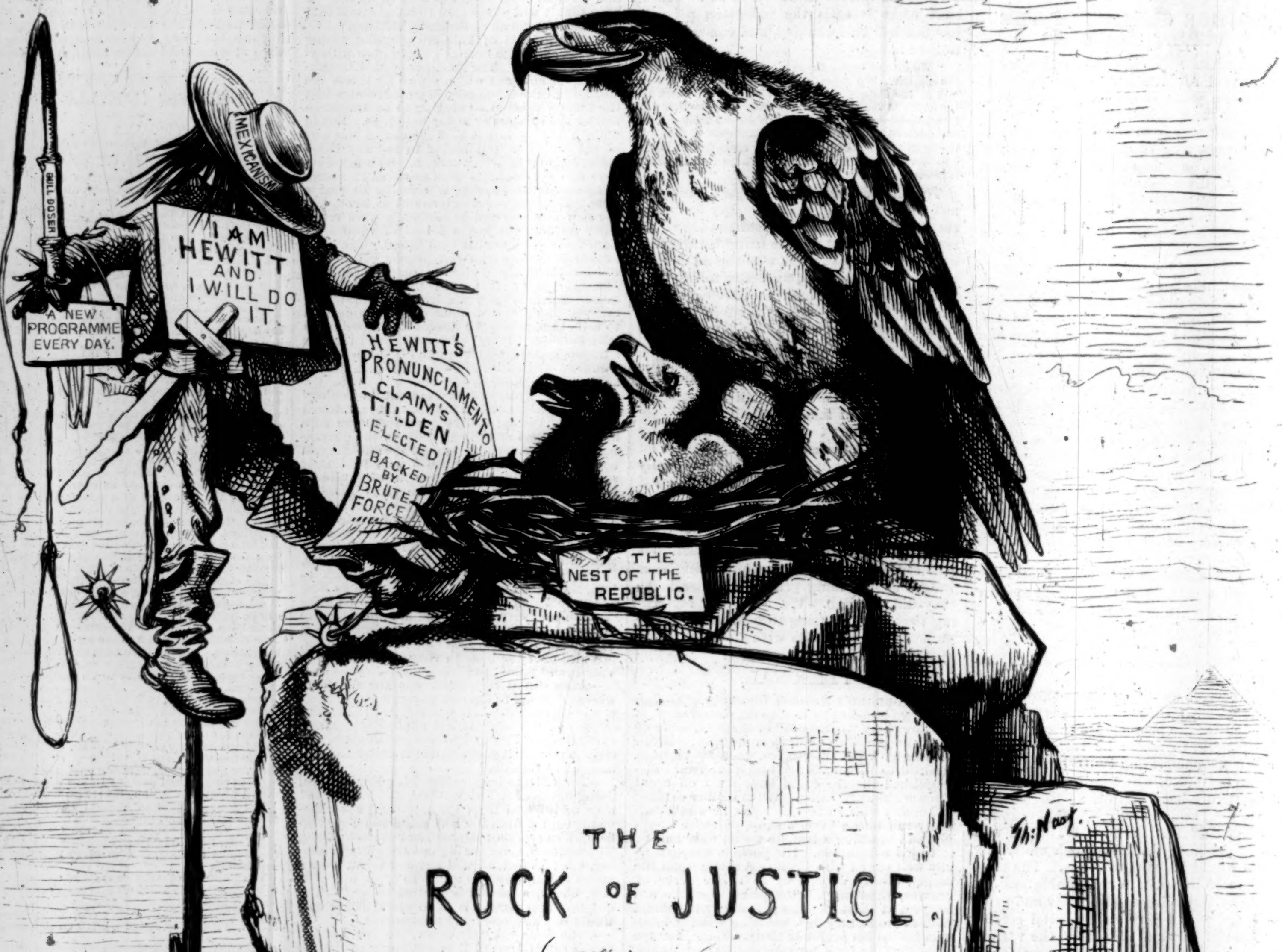
THE new Turkish Constitution was proclaimed on the 23d ult. Among its provisions are the following: The empire is indivisible. The Sultan is Caliph of the Mussulmans and sovereign of all the Ottomans. His prerogatives are those of the constitutional sovereigns of the West. The subjects of the empire are called Ottomans. Their liberty is inviolable. Islamism is the religion of the state, but it shall not have any other distinctive or theocratic character. Religious privileges of communities and the free exercise of public worship by all creeds are guaranteed. Liberty of the press and freedom of education are granted. Primary education is compulsory. The right of association and the right of petition to the Chambers are accorded. All individuals are equal in the eyes of the law. All are eligible to public offices irrespective of religion. The domicile is inviolable. The functions of tribunals are defined. No one may be deprived of his natural judges. Legal proceedings are to be public. Confiscation, statute labor, torture, and inquisition are prohibited. Ministerial responsibility is established. No public official can be dismissed without legitimate grounds. Their responsibility is maintained, and they can not be released from it by fact of having received orders from a superior, if those orders are contrary to law. Two Chambers will be instituted—a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate. They will receive messages from the Sultan, and have freedom of voting and expressing opinions. Laws submitted by the Chamber of Deputies, and revised by the Senate, require the imperial sanction. The Senate can reject laws contrary to the Constitution.

The fire in Tokio, Japan, which occurred November 29, lasted eight hours. Five thousand houses were burned, fifty lives lost, and property worth $10,000,000 destroyed. The residence of the Austrian minister was burned, and that of the United States minister narrowly escaped.

There are now two contestants for the Mexican Presidency, Iglesias and Diaz, who are ready for war. The former is established at Queretaro, 150 miles from the capital. Diaz has assumed a military dictatorship under the title of Provisional President, to hold until an election is held. Iglesias has 12,000 troops, and Diaz 18,000.

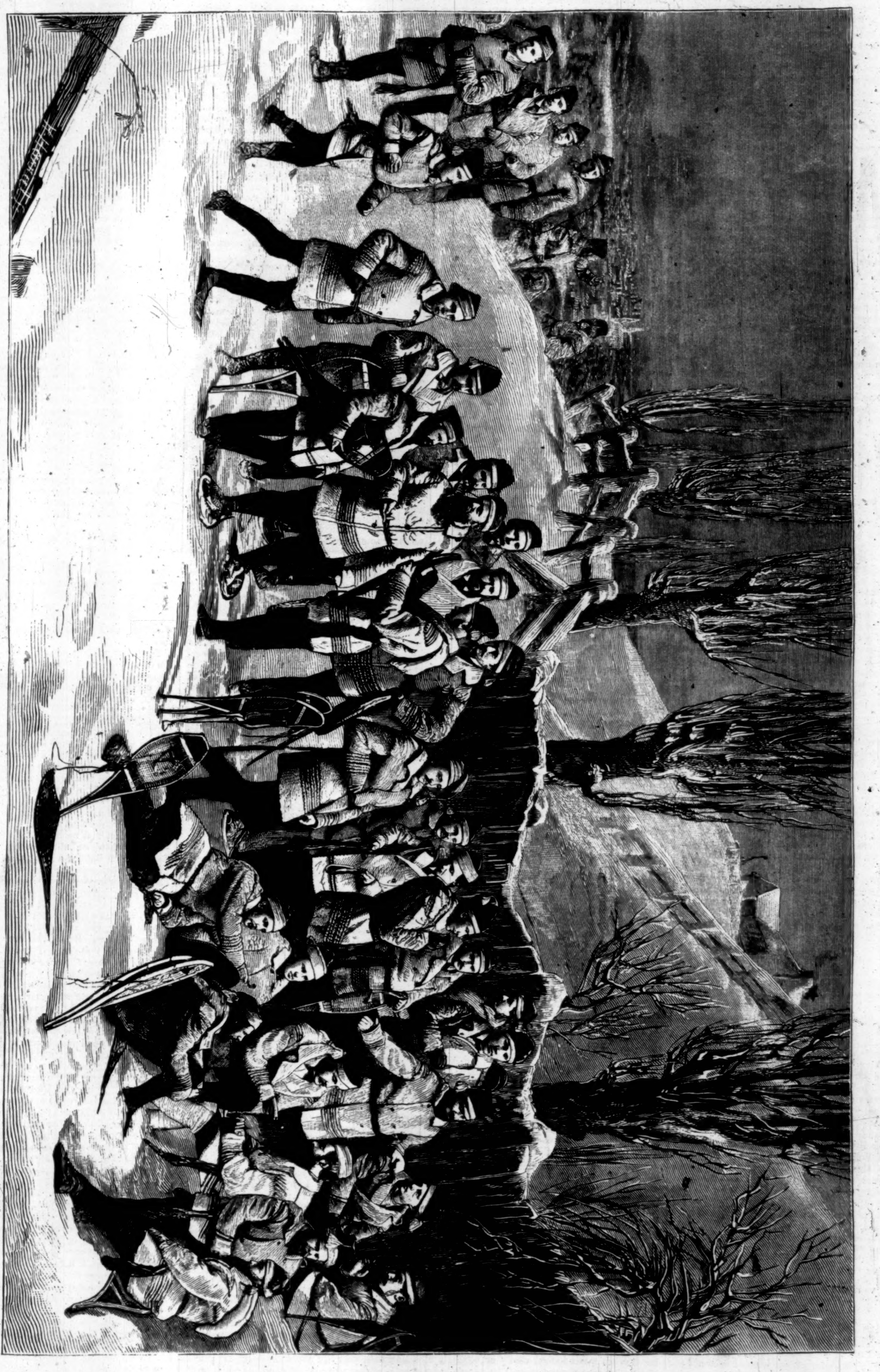
The convent at Montreal was burned on Christmas night. Thirteen of the inmates are supposed to have perished in the flames.

The recent storms off the Scottish coast caused great damage to shipping and the loss of many lives. On the 23d ult. two unknown vessels, one of 1000 tons burden, disappeared off Arbroath, and are supposed to have foundered. A schooner, name unknown, was wrecked in Ackervill Bay, and seven seamen were drowned. A German bark was lost off Lossiemouth with fourteen lives. The brig *Sophie* of Holmestrand, and bark *Palmatta*, were wrecked off Peterhead, and all on board drowned. Two unknown vessels were lost, with all hands, at the mouth of the Tay. The Scottish shores are reported to be strewn with wreckage in various places. A Dundee telegram says it is certain that at least 100 persons were drowned on the northeast coast of Scotland during the 22d and 23d. The loss within a fortnight is estimated at least at 250 men and 150 vessels.


MEXICANISM
BULL DOSER
A NEW PROGRAMME EVERY DAY.
I AM HEWITT AND I WILL DO IT
HEWITT'S PRONUNCIAMENTO CLAIM'S TILDEN ELECTED BACKED BY BRUTE FORCE
THE NEST OF THE REPUBLIC.
Th: Nast.
THE ROCK OF JUSTICE.
"JUST BALANCES,
JUST WEIGHTS,
A JUST EPHAH, AND A
JUST HIN SHALL YE HAVE."
LEV. XIX. 36.

A "MEXICAN" SCARECROW.

CENTENNIAL EAGLE. "You can't *scare* nor *cheat* this Bird off the Rock, Stranger."



THE TERRA NOVA SNOW-SHOE CLUB OF MONTREAL.

## THE TERRA NOVA SNOW-SHOE CLUB.

THIS club is composed entirely of natives of Nova Scotia now residing in Montreal, who have wisely made use of the national winter sport of Canada as an additional tie to bind them to one another while separated from their kindred and the place of their birth. Our picture represents the club while enjoying one of their Saturday afternoon tramps over Mount Royal, at the back of the city. This is a favorite route with all the snow-shoe clubs, combining with a magnificent view a climb on snow-shoes that is well calculated to test the powers of endurance and build up the physique of all who join the club.

At the back of the mountain is a number of club-houses, where the snow-shoers always rest and refresh themselves before facing the home tramp; and as a meet of a snow-shoe club is never postponed on account of the weather, there are times when a tramp commenced for pleasure ends in downright hard work, and when a pause for a few minutes in the almost Arctic temperature of the open air would be almost certain death. However, owing to all the clubs being conducted on strictly temperance principles, and the rule being that during a tramp all the members of the club shall follow one another in Indian file, while each takes the lead in turn and breaks open a path for the rest, an accident has never been known to occur.

# THE FATE OF ETIENNE FARET.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

IT was in the reign of Louis the Well-beloved—Louis the Fifteenth of France. It was toward the close of that reign and the reign of the third of the three famous Cotillons. France was miserably poor, and Paris was very splendid—and very poor too at the heart and at the extremities. As in a neighboring island, nearly three-quarters of a century after, a poet sang that, though Ireland starved, great George weighed twenty stone, so in France, if the people were miserable, the king had every thing he could wish for, and plenty of sycophants round him to suggest new wishes to him, that they might have the honor and profit of gratifying the wishes. The fair Du Barry, now a little on the wane, was still delighting her subject-master by her pretty and refined jokes about the spilling of the coffee, and so forth, and holy princes of the Church were still contending for the honor of holding her slippers while she put her dainty feet into them.

Down in a country town by the sea that washes between France and the English coast there lived a poor young man, Etienne Faret by name, a clever lad, who had more of good looks and talents than common-sense. His father and mother were decent people, who kept the Fleur-de-Lis inn—a comfortable house enough, where even the great people sometimes condescended to pass a night when they happened to be making a journey to or from England. Such journeys, indeed, were not very common among the great at that time—that is, among the French great people; for the English, then as now, were forever coming and going, and the grand tour was, of course, part of the necessary education of every English gentleman. The English, when they came and went, did not much visit the Fleur-de-Lis, for it was but the second inn belonging to the town, and the Briton, in his lordly way, only asked where the first inn was, and went there directly and spent his money. But the noblesse of France was not then much given to spending money, except where direct personal gratification was to be had by it; and as the Fleur-de-Lis was inferior to the other inn only in name, many French nobles or gentlemen connected with the embassy at the British court were accustomed, when traveling backward and forward, to use the Fleur-de-Lis for a night. So it happened that the youth whom I have spoken of came to see great people and to observe their manners.

Once there came to rest at the inn for a night the Vicomte de Moleville, with his wife, his daughter, and his retinue. The vicomte was a staid, stately, stern personage, with an aquiline nose and a pale cheek. The vicomtesse was a handsome woman, still in her prime, likewise with an aquiline nose and a pale cheek; but she had dark flashing eyes, while her husband's were a cold light blue. She belonged to a family greater than that of the vicomte, and she was very proud of it. Her daughter was a beautiful stately girl, like a young queen, with deep blue eyes, in which some of the darker light of her mother's might be seen to flash. Etienne Faret saw her as she entered the court-yard, and the sight was his ruin. He had stepped forward to open the carriage door for her, or to do some other such trifling courtesy; and although he was not permitted to carry out his intention—there were followers enough expressly kept to do all such offices—the young lady noticed his movement, and thanked him with a gracious bend of the head and a gentle fall and then elevation of her eyelids, from beneath which her glance, for just one short, delicious, bewildering moment, rested on him. He saw her only once again that time, when she entered her carriage to go away next day. Again she threw him a sort of half-recognizing glance, and the poor young fellow's heart nearly burned within him. If he could only have known what would come of that glance in the end, perhaps he would have been prudent in time, and have leaped at once from the cliffs outside the town straight into the sea that now tossed so wildly, and put himself out of pain. Yet I ought not to say that, for he had a generous soul, with all his vanity and nonsense, and would have been content, could he but have known, that things should go as they did.

Etienne was an aspiring, romantic young fellow, with a fine handsome face and a good figure. He had some little gift of poetry, too. His head was stuffed with verses of Ronsard and other poets whom love supplied with most of their inspiration, while he looked down, or affected to look down, on the stately pathos of Racine and the grandiloquent tragic verse of Corneille. He had but little appreciation of the immortal humor of Molière; and of all the great works of M. De Voltaire, from the Philosophical Dictionary to the *Henriade*, he cared for nothing but one little love poem, or rather one little lament for the lost season of love, which had, in my poor hero's eyes, a gleam of true poetry and tender nature in it:

"If you desire me still to love,
Restore to me Love's youthful day;
To my life's twilight, cold and gray,
Give back the Aurora from above.

"From the bright scenes where gods of wine
And gods of love hold joyous sway,
Time, with a warning hand on mine,
Tells me at last I must away.

"Ah, twice we die, his warnings prove:
'Tis little pain to part with breath;
The other and the bitter death
Is when we lose the soul of love!"

And so on through many other verses, which Etienne often repeated, but which I need not attempt to translate. The young fellow was, as I have said, himself to some degree a poet. He really had composed some tender and touching little verses, into which there entered, perhaps because he had lived so much away from cities, more of the spirit of nature than either then or now might be commonly seen in the poetry of France. Young Etienne loved the country and the sea and the face of nature, the clouds and the sunshine and the shadows, and he might perhaps have sung some of these things in verse that would live, if—if the "might have been" ever could become the "has been." But some of his poems were very pretty, and the village curé, a man who had traveled and had some gifts and culture, and was not afraid or ashamed to read Rousseau, told Etienne that he really believed he would yet come to be a poet, with patience and labor—great labor and patience and modesty, added M. the Curé, smiling.

From the day, however, that our young poet saw Germaine de Moleville he ceased to sing of Nature, and took to singing only of Love. Now Nature is an easily offended goddess, and when Etienne ceased to praise her, she ceased to inspire him, and his love poems were very fantastical and extravagant things indeed. He was as much in love with Germaine as a man can possibly be with a woman he has never spoken one word to; but even if his love for her had been the deep, steady growth of intimacy and affinity, it does not by any means follow that it could make him a true poet of love. So his love being very real, his style of poetry was nevertheless very unreal, glittering, fantastic, and false.

The curé shook his head. But the curé's mind did not reflect the opinion of his day and his people; and whereas the poems which the curé approved were cared for by nobody else, the poems over which he shook his head were immensely admired by all the neighbors. They became quite the talk of the whole place, and people began to boast that their town had a wonderful young poet, who could astonish some of your famous Parisians and make Academicians envious; quite a young Ronsard—nay, a very Petrarch of modern days. Etienne's verses were full of inflated, hyperbolical, euphuistic phrases, of extravagant rapture and sickly adulation, and there was a propriety and prudery about them which they certainly did not borrow from Ronsard. This was an effete, corrupt, unwholesome, vicious age, and in all such ages the true and manly love of man for woman and her womanhood has always disguised itself in sickly euphuism and milk-and-water affectation. Young Etienne's verses exactly hit the taste of the age, and great people resting at the inn came to hear of them, and they read and admired them, and graciously sent for the poet and patronized him, and brought to Parisian *salons*, always craving for novelty, the story of a handsome young innkeeper boy down in the provinces who could compose poems that far surpassed those of La Fontaine.

The echo of Etienne's verses soon returned to his own ear. His poetry, shot out by his inspired moods, came back to him like the Australian boomerang. He began to think that he was already a name and a fame in Paris, that Paris waited for him, yearned for him; and he longed to be there. Let me do him justice. Not vanity, not egotism, not self-love, not the sickening thirst for praise, was the chief impulse which drove him to Paris. But he knew that Paris held the lovely, queenly girl he was foolish enough to love, and he said in his heart, "I shall be near her in Paris." He thought to himself, "A poet in Paris, no matter what his birth, is the equal of nobles. Louis, the great monarch, rebuked the courtiers who looked coldly on Molière; and Molière was the son of a tradesman. Why may not I meet on something like equal terms the daughter of a vicomte?"

So one day he told his father and mother that he had made up his mind not to be an innkeeper. He was going to be a great poet, and as the proper and necessary condition preliminary of being a great poet, he was going to live in Paris.

He was a spoiled child; his mother could not deny him any thing; and what his mother said, his father would not gainsay. Neither much liked the step their son was taking. The father would have wished him to carry on, honestly and decently, the old Fleur-de-Lis, and thought little of poets; the mother would have been well pleased that her son should be a poet, provided he staid with her. But he had his way; his father and mother consented that he should go, and being people well to do, promised to make him a respectable yearly allowance, in order that he might not be as poor as some poets they had heard of. There was a parting, sad on both sides, indeed, but made brighter on the part of Etienne by the thought that now at last he was going to Paris and to the lovely Germaine; and so he went his way, and before long stood for the first time, a wonder-wounded provincial, in the gardens of the Tuileries.

There is an exquisite old English ballad about a country shepherd who forsook the haunts of his youth and came to the glittering city, leaving behind him his Amynta, and believing that ambition would soon cure him of love. Our poor French provincial came up to town under different auspices; he came to pursue his love and his ambition together. The ambition, at least, was fed to the full. The handsome young poet made what we should now call a great success. He was quite the lion of the hour in Paris *salons*. His manners had that native grace which hardly needs the teachings of etiquette. He would have seemed a graceful gentleman any where; and his training in an inn would at least have saved him from the mishap of the adventurer whom a certain celebrated French cardinal discovered to be no gentleman because of his inaccurate way of eating olives. His poesies were immensely, extravagantly admired and praised. Men of genuine literary merit looked coldly or pityingly at him; other men sneered at him; many men hated him; but the women adored him, in their own way, and this pleased and soothed the young poet's vanity. But it only touched his vanity, not his heart. *That* was wholly filled and governed by his Amynta, whom now he sometimes saw in the *salon* of her mother, and whom he grew to love with all the passion of his really earnest and manly nature.

Now, with all the meanness and vice of those times, it was not the fashion to bind up unmarried women with as rigid bonds of seclusion and constraint as is now the way in Paris, where absolute restriction before marriage is the prelude to absolute license after. Our poet had much better opportunities of occasionally conversing freely with the daughter of the house than he could have if he lived in Paris now. The sublime aristocrats, her father and mother, no more thought of keeping their daughter back from speech with Etienne than they would have imposed a check upon her courtesy to the gardener or the *concierge*. Poet or not, the son of an innkeeper was an innkeeper's son, and the daughter of M. the Vicomte's wife was not likely to carry her admiration for an innkeeping poet to any dangerous length. So our poet hung after her, wrote eternal sonnets to her, lived only in the light of her gracious presence; and was so unhappy that he grew thinner as he grew more celebrated, and his eyes began to burn with a wan lustre which the mere craft of rhyme-making never yet lighted.

As for Germaine, she, of course, saw his idolatry from the first. It alternately gratified and wearied her; now she was proud of it, and now she was positively ashamed of it. But at no time did it occur to her as being a matter worthy of any serious consideration. She was proud, she was capricious, but she had a heart; and in that heart our poor poet had no place.

Time passed on, and Etienne was nearly driven to madness by sheer love for the girl who alternately fired him and froze him, as her humor might be, and who meanwhile hardly ever bestowed a genuine and serious thought on him. At last a crisis came.

The Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Moleville had a château not far from the palace gardens of Versailles. They gave a grand fête there one summer evening, and our poet was one of the guests. He came with his sonnet ready for the occasion, which was read before the guests at the proper time, and much admired and patronized. But he had his private sonnet too, his hyperboles and his euphuistic nonsense, addressed to the divine Germaine herself (whom he called Artemisia, or some such silly name), and when chance allowed him, he pressed it tenderly into her hand and bade her read it alone, and favor him with the decision of her exquisite judgment on it. He chose a bad time. Artemisia's soul was heavy within her that night, and she was in no mood for poetry or for love-making—at least for love-making such as his.

Evening—a delicious summer evening—fell upon the groves and the turf, and the fountains and plaster nymphs, and the walks and summer-houses, of the De Moleville château. Germaine stole away down a silent, shady path, to be rid of her friends and followers and admirers. Our wretched, ill-starred Etienne Faret, who had kept a burning eye on her movements, must see in this retirement of hers a favorable opportunity, Heaven-sent, for him, and so he pursued her, and stood by her side just as the sun had gone down and Venus was beginning to shine in the sky.

Germaine looked coldly at him, with ominous contraction of eyebrows, as he stood by her side.

Had mademoiselle done him the honor to read his poor poem?

She stared; then recollected herself. "Yes—oh yes."

"It was at least sincere."

"Was it?"

She had forgotten what it was all about, and did not care to rack her brain to remember any of its contents.

"It expressed a homage which mortal might pay only to his divinity; and, oh, mademoiselle, oh, Germaine," the poor poet went on, becoming positively simple and natural in his deep and true emotion, "have you nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing. What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Can you ask me? Do you not know?"

She came to a dead stand, now quite aroused to attention, and she turned the cold light of her eyes fixedly on him.

"Germaine, do you not know, have you not long known, that I love you, that I adore you, that you are life and light and heaven" (*pardieu*, he might have added, "and hell") "to me?"

She started, and seemed for a moment as if she were about to scream, so wild was the expression in the eyes and on the lips of the distracted youth. But she crushed down her emotion, and asked, in a tone of cold irony, "Is this a poetic recitation, M. the Poet? If so, it is wasted here; it ought to be given for the delight of the whole company."

"You mock me; but you must and you do understand me. I love you, Germaine; I will live and die loving you. I have loved you since first I saw you—"

"At your father's inn."

This was a cruel, an ignoble stab. But the woman who stood before him then was capable of any thing; and no woman ever knows or cares to know the rules about hitting fair. He, however, heeded little. Had she spat upon him, he would still have abased himself and adored.

"Germaine, even your scorn can not wound me, I love you so much. No, you shall not go; you shall hear me out."

"M. Faret, you know that a cry from me would bring friends of mine who would resent your love-making as the deadliest insult, and in whose consideration your life would not count for half the value of this glove on my hand. *I* am more forgiving and calm. I pity you and spare you. Go away, and let me hear no more of this."

He smiled a wild smile. "Give an alarm," he said, "and call your people, if you will. I am not afraid to die; I am weary of life, and should like nothing better *now* than to be killed here under your eyes because I loved you. My very death would be the proof and the stamp of my love. Oh, Germaine, have you no heart, no sympathy, no pity? Never, never will you be loved again as I have loved you! Thank God, at least you now know that I love you."

"M. Faret, do you know yourself? Do you know who you are and who I am, and my father and mother?"

"Too well. I know that I am a plebeian, and that you are patricians. But I am a poet, and poets are the equals of kings."

A positive smile, involuntary, irresistible, came on Germaine's lips. Despite the passionate earnestness of the young man, despite his fine figure, his burning eyes, and his wasted cheeks, she could almost have laughed in his face. He really, then, had taken *au grand sérieux* the compliments paid to his poetry. As if a court poet was really much better than a court fool! Still she kept from laughing outright, and only said,

"M. Faret, this must come an end. Your love-making is an insolence which is only to be excused by its downright madness. I forgive it this time; and I will not subject you to the indignity of being thrust from my father's grounds by my father's servants. But I must never hear of this again."

"While I live, Germaine, I will love you. I would gladly provoke death for your sake. My love shall haunt you and cling to you. We are already bound together by the link of my love for you and your knowledge of it. Nothing on earth can break that link!"

His wildness at last really affrighted her. That night in particular her nerves were easily shaken.

"Oh, go!" she said; "for God's sake, go!"

She held out her hand as if to keep him off. He seized it, kissed it passionately, and disappeared.

She ran into an arbor near, sat in a rustic seat, and burst into tears of alarm, vexation, and pain. She remained for a moment or two with her head buried in her hands and tears streaming through her fingers.

"Germaine!"

A deep, soft voice whispered through the bushes of the arbor behind her. She started up. Then a quiet, cautious tread stole round the arbor, and she flung herself into the arms of one who came toward her.

"Oh, Theodore! *Oh, mon ami. Ah, mon bien aimé. Ah, mon mari!*"

Yes, these were the words of greeting with which Germaine de Moleville flung herself passionately into the arms of a tall, brown-cheeked young man who now entered the arbor, and who, even while Germaine lay on his bosom and called him *mon mari*, glanced suspiciously round as if to make sure that no one stood near to watch them.

There was, perhaps, no man living—no, not even the innkeeper's son—whom the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Moleville would not have preferred to see embracing and embraced by their daughter than the person she welcomed with such wild and passionate words. Theodore de Montresor was a distant relation of the Vicomtesse de Moleville. He belonged to a branch of the family she had always detested. Himself she detested especially. He was very poor: quite a broken-down, ruined gentleman, who had nothing to look to but his chances in the army or his chances in the way of marriage. This was enough to make a prudent mother dislike and dread him: but this was not all; it did not even count for much in the total of her objections to him. Nor did she much heed the fact that he had led a wild youth of it—almost what is called in French phrase a stormy youth, which implies a great deal. Those were not days when even the mothers of marriageable daughters were very severe on the excesses of aristocratic youth. But Theodore de Montresor was a man of extravagant and desperate opinions. He was a man to overthrow every thing—throne, altar, and aristocracy, more sacred than throne or altar. He was an avowed student of Rousseau, of Voltaire, of Diderot; he scoffed at the Holy Catholic Church; he made mirth at the miracles of the saints; he denied the divine right of kings; he fell into transports of irreligious and blasphemous anger whenever a heretic was broken on the wheel; he sympathized with the Huguenots; and he was always declaring that an immense general *bouleversement* was coming on, in which nobility and priesthood would go down. He was a man capable of any thing—capable positively of going and opening a cloth shop, as people said was done a little later by the degenerate Mirabeau. Could the Vicomtesse de Moleville help detesting this young man, who, moreover, was handsome, winning, and fearless, and whom she at one time suspected of making love to Germaine? So he had long been forbidden the house, and the natural result was that Germaine and he contrived to correspond clandestinely and to meet in secret. He was the one only man Germaine had ever seen who could seize her heart and hold it, and she loved him with all the passion of a proud soul enslaved by a master-spirit. She had called him *mon mari*; and it was actually true that they had found means to go secretly to some priest and persuade, deceive, or bribe him into saying some rite of marriage over them. So far as this mere ceremony went, if it could then have availed any thing, they were man and wife. No more than this. Theodore was content in the faith that this bound her to him irrevocably, and his love for her was noble and true; and like many other men who in those days were branded as wicked infidels, he was a man of chivalrous nature, full of truth and honor.

I need not linger over their love scene. It was passionate and short. Theodore had ventured to enter the grounds of the château during the crowd and noise of the *fête*, to say a few tender words to his love, for he had to join the army and march toward the Dutch frontier next day.

The *fête* came to an end, and Germaine was at last alone—positively alone and free—in her room. So she sat herself down to write a letter to Theodore, from whom she had parted two or three hours before. She began it with a few lines, which merely consisted of all the passionate phrases of love she could think of; and she had just got far enough on to ask, "When, oh, when, shall we be together again?" when she broke down in tears, and laid her head upon the table and gave full way to her grief.

She did not hear the opening of her chamber door or the tread of her mother, who entered. There was an angry expression on the face of the Vicomtesse de Moleville as she came in. Her eye, quickened by previous suspicion, took in at a glance the general meaning of the situation. She came quietly over to the table on which her daughter's sobbing head was laid, and took up the unfinished letter, and then struck her thin white jeweled fingers sharply on Germaine's bare shoulder. Germaine started up, bewildered and affrighted. She looked into her mother's glittering eyes, saw the letter in her hand, assumed that all was lost, and throwing back her hair, prepared for defiance and open war.

"So, then, you have got a lover," said the mother, in tones of forced and icy calmness.

"I have, my mother"

"And you, who are on my side of the De Rohans!"

"Had the De Rohans, then, madame, no hearts?"

"They had high souls—too high to degrade themselves. I don't come to talk epigram with my daughter. I come to save you and our house from disgrace. Tell me, without evasion or delay, the name of this wretch."

A thrill of wild rapture went through Germaine's heart. Her mother, then, did not know who her daughter's lover was. This was a chance of redemption and safety. In those days great nobles could still do nearly all they would, and Germaine knew well how lightly the life of a ruined young man, a sort of outcast aristocrat, would weigh with her unscrupulous mother. Germaine could hardly keep her joy from gleaming in her eyes.

"What wretch, madame?" she asked.

"The wretch your lover."

"I will never tell you his name."

"Do you dare to disobey? Tell it this instant. It is idle to attempt to conceal it. You shall be watched morning and night until the name is wrung from you. You shall be sent to wither in the cell of a convent."

"I will never tell you his name."

"Foolish, disobedient creature, do you think we can not find it out? Do you think I have not already suspected and guessed? This is what comes of opening one's doors to the *canaille*. This is what comes of the wretched and accursed new ideas. But, *mon Dieu!* could I ever have suspected that a daughter of mine would degrade herself so low as to answer the insolent love of a wretched village rhymster!"

A frightful gleam of hope shot through Germaine's heart when she heard these unexpected words. Her mother, then, believed that her lover was the unfortunate, foolish, insolent young man who had dared that very evening to insult her with his odious love. By one word of deceit—nay, by one look of silent, submissive acquiescence—she could save her lover from danger, and rid herself forever of a wild creature whose mad passion she had already begun to dread. A fearful struggle took place within this young girl's heart. She sprang from her chair and walked up and down the room, sometimes gazing at her mother with inquiring looks that turned away at once when her mother's eyes met hers.

"Madame my mother," she said at last, in a low tone, "if I should obey you, if I should tell his name, what would you do? You do not—oh! no, you do not seek his life?"

The vicomtesse laughed a short, sharp, scornful laugh.

"What would the lives of a dozen such count for in such a case? But *I* don't seek the wretch's life—only he shall be so placed that his shadow shall never again fall across our path. Once you are married to the husband your father and I shall give you, he may go where he will for any thing I care. Till then he must pay the penalty of his insolent audacity. Thank Heaven, a *bourgeois* is not yet, even in France, quite able to trample with impunity on the rights of the nobles. Come, my daughter, you need not even name him. Say, have I guessed right?"

With bent head, pallid cheeks, and eyes that gazed fixedly at vacancy, Germaine whispered, "You have."

Etienne Faret lived on the south side of Paris. The night after his fatal outburst at Versailles he walked all the way into Paris, and when he got there, paced the streets and bridges until the day and the crowds came on. He then went to his lodging and buried himself there, and gave way to successive bursts of passion and grief all the day through. At night he came out again and tramped the streets, purposeless and mournful as a wandering ghost. The poor poet had sadly changed in appearance since the time when he used to consult M. the Curé on his verses, and since the memorable day when he stepped forward to open the carriage door for Germaine de Moleville. He was wasted almost to a shadow, and his long black hair hung uncared for and wild about his shoulders. His tall figure, his pallid cheeks, his gleaming eyes, his hair, attracted the notice and the derisive glance of many a reveler, male and female, that night. Etienne never heeded. He tramped on as rapidly as if he had some object in view, and he had none. He did not even think of suicide. Death would only remove him farther from *her*.

Past midnight he was crossing the Pont Neuf. A carriage, which had been slowly driving behind him for some little time, stopped in the middle of the bridge, and some one called from inside to Etienne, as if to ask him a question about the way somewhere. Etienne at first did not hear, but being civilly called to again, he came over to the carriage door. As he approached, a man got out of the carriage, and then another, and they held the door open, as if to allow some one inside to speak with Etienne.

A late wayfarer, crossing the bridge at the time, saw this much. He saw Etienne (whom, however, he did not know by name) approach the carriage, and the two men get out. He did not trouble himself to observe any more, and presently he heard the carriage drive away quickly. He did not see the tall man again, and, if he thought about the matter at all, concluded that the occupants of the carriage were the tall man's friends, and had taken him with them.

That was the last the world, at least the outer world, ever saw of poor Etienne Faret, the poet. Had the grave opened and swallowed him, he could not have more utterly disappeared. His poor father and mother made futile inquiry for him. He might have been murdered, he might have committed suicide, he might have fled to some foreign country for reasons known only to himself. Who could tell? He had no friends in Paris; he had not cultivated friendship. His patrons and patronesses of the *salons* had lately begun to find him rather a bore. His morbid egotism and his one consuming love had made him dull company of late, and many of his acquaintances relished the little sensation caused by his disappearance much more than they had for a long time relished his society. The sensation thus caused very soon died away, and then he was really forgotten. A bubble, a throb, and the poor poet went down wholly into oblivion.

Germaine kept her secret with a stony, inexorable firmness. She asked no questions when Faret disappeared. She never mentioned his name. Not one word on the subject ever passed between her and the vicomtesse, her mother, since the night when the vicomtesse found her sobbing over her letter.

Germaine's crime was all in vain. Her lover she never saw again. For his sake, more than for hers, she kept him aloof from her, hoping for better times. The better times for him, I think, came when he was killed in an engagement in Holland. The one deep, strong, disinterested love of her life was slain with him. She married in time as her father and mother bade her, and she became a woman of the world and of fashion.

Her husband, a man of some merit and talent, considerably older than herself, was one of those who sided frankly with the Revolution when it came, believing it, on the whole, a purifying and a necessary operation. Germaine took no interest whatever in the crisis until it came, to the confiscating of the estates of her neighbors and cutting the heads off her near relatives and intimate friends. Even then she bore their misfortunes calmly. Her father and mother fled the country, and set up in Coblentz. Germaine only shrugged her shoulders when she heard they were gone, and troubled herself no more about them. Her husband and she were on very good terms; but he was a busy, active man, willing to make his way in the new condition of politics and to accept the situation, and he had not much time for conjugal endearment. Besides, he thought his wife a woman of remarkably cold and unloving nature; and he was glad of it, and respected her the more for it. Frigidity was not the common failing of married ladies in Paris at that time, and Germaine bore a reputation without even a shadow on it.

One day, however, he thought he detected a gleam of womanly tenderness in his wife, and he smiled good-humoredly over the unexpected discovery. It happened in this way. Germaine's husband had gone to examine and explore the ruins of the Bastile. He went there many times, day after day. One evening he came into his wife's room and found her alone.

"Why, Germaine," he said, with a smile, "I have discovered a sort of romance about you."

"Indeed!" She looked up with a flush—of curiosity, he supposed.

"Yes, indeed. You never told me you had a poor adorer in the person of a poet."

"I do not understand you," she said, coldly.

"Well, perhaps you do not know; but let me tell you the story. I have been examining all the cells of the ruined Bastile" (here she actually did start), "and I find that there was a poet confined in one of them—poor fellow!—who actually and positively was an adorer of yours. True, I assure you. I saw with my own eyes your name scrawled in many places on the wall of his cell: your name, there was no mistaking it—Germaine de Moleville—written in full over and over again. I made inquiries about him, and I soon learned that he was a poor poet who had offended somebody or other—written a lampoon on Du Barry, perhaps, or libeled a cardinal—and so was sent to the Bastile under a *lettre de cachet*, and left there, *misérable*, until he died."

"He is dead, then?"

"Oh yes; he died two years ago. The people of the prison were quite fond of him lately, he became so gentle, although at first, and even for some years, I believe, he was fierce and clamorous and dangerous. He used to beg for scraps of paper lately, and write love verses on them. And the love verses were all to you, *m'amie*—a new version of the story of Tasso, *n'est le pas?*"

Germaine's husband was a man better than most of his class, but he was an aristocrat who had attained middle age before the Revolution; and while he accepted and approved of the Revolution, he yet saw no occasion for great wonder or indignation that a poor poet should have lived and died in the Bastile for nothing. He was only struck with the odd, romantic coincidence that the poet should have been an admirer of his wife.

Germaine gave a great, wild cry, and clutched at her heart as if a death spasm had seized her there, and at last broke into a passion of remorseful tears. That night she was calm and composed again, to all outward appearance.

"*Pardieu*," said her husband to himself; "she must have had at one time a sort of girlish tenderness for that unfortunate young poet. I wish I had not told her. But who could have thought it? Germaine soft-hearted! I should never have suspected her of any such womanly weakness. But they are all soft-hearted and romantic, these women, and I like her the better for it."

The name and the story of Etienne Faret were not spoken of again by the husband and wife. Etienne's father and mother were long since dead, so that Germaine's cry of remorse was the last lament for his fate.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

### Calendar.

JANUARY, 1877.

*Sunday,* 14.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
*Sunday,* 21.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
*Thursday,* 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
*Sunday;* 28.—Septuagesima Sunday.

The result of the School Board elections in London has surprised every one. The opponents of denominational education have won a victory which they did not venture to anticipate. Both parties had prepared for the struggle; bishops and clergy had rallied in St. James's Hall, and the friends of the Board in Exeter Hall. Much was made by the denominationalists of the large expenditures of the Board for school buildings. In the City three Board candidates were elected to one Church candidate; in Chelsea, three to one; in Hackney, four to one, etc. The new Board will have fewer adherents of the denominational system than the last. Sir Charles Reed, who has long devoted himself to the cause of public education in the metropolis, was re-elected by 5000 majority. All the ladies who were candidates were elected, one of them, Mrs. Westlake, heading the poll in Marylebone parish. The London *Times*, in commenting on this victory, says: "The Church, if she is wise, will concentrate her efforts on rendering her own schools as efficient as possible, and will for the future abandon a position of direct antagonism, which must be fruitless, and may be disastrous."

The chief issue between the Board and Church schools is to be found in the method of giving religious instruction. In the Board schools no denominational tenets are taught; in the Church schools there is no such limitation of religious teaching. The two classes of schools are now working in England side by side. In the northern cities the Board elections have resulted as in London. All the indications show that the people of England will finally adopt the undenominational system of public education.

The many friends of the Rev. John S. C. Abbott will be gratified to learn that, though greatly reduced in health, he still keeps up his literary activity. The *Congregationalist* reports that "his life is not unlikely to be prolonged for weeks or months to come. His mind was never clearer or more active; bodily prostration alone seems to have ended his industrious literary career. He is at this time dictating from his sick-bed a series of chapters of personal reminiscences, which assure great entertainment to the reader." These recollections will be published in the *Congregationalist*.

The Centennial Discourses delivered in accordance with the recommendation of the (Dutch) Reformed General Synod have been collected, and will be issued in volume form. The series will make a complete history of the Church from the colonial period to our time.

The Reformed Church of the United States, popularly known as the German Reformed, reports for 1876 one General Synod, six District Synods, forty-five Classes, 664 ministers, 1333 congregations, and 141,692 members. The contributions to benevolent objects were $71,987; the contributions to local objects, $332,173. The number of students preparing for the ministry is 162.

Thirteen colleges and seminaries are supported by the Methodist Episcopal Freedmen's Aid Society in the Southern States. The most important of the number is the Central Tennessee College, at Nashville. During 1876 the society has disbursed $58,204, and has supported sixty teachers, who have taught 3000 pupils. Its property in the South is valued at $200,000. Forty thousand children, it is estimated, have been taught during the year by graduates of the society's seminaries. The ninth anniversary was recently held at Pittsburg.

The London papers speak in terms of admiration of the work accomplished by Miss Sellon, the founder of the sisterhoods in the English Established Church. She had for years been the Lady Superior of the conventual institution at Plymouth and Devonport. The vows taken by her novices were not, however, irrevocable. During the Crimean war Miss Sellon sent a company of nurses to the aid of Miss Nightingale. The London *Times* says of her: "In the virulent epidemics of cholera and small-pox in London in 1868 and 1871 the nursing work was taken up by the Devonport Sisterhood, and temporary hospitals were initiated, organized, and personally carried on by Miss Sellon, and the good effected under Providence will ever remain as a record of what may be done by a woman's properly directed energy, devotion, and good judgment." In her early days this devoted friend of her sex studied the art of printing, and led the way in training women to be practical printers.

The *Universalist Register* for 1877 reports the statistics of the denomination for the United States and Canada to be, 22 State Conventions, represented in one General Convention; 69 associations; 880 parishes, with 41,029 families; 656 church organizations, with 32,947 members; 641 Sunday-schools, having 59,463 teachers and scholars; 756 church edifices, worth, above all indebtedness, $7,465,495.

The great industries of modern life create special classes of men, who are apt to become, by the necessities of their labor, separated from the general community. The railroad workers of all grades in the country are said to number over three-quarters of a million persons, most of them in the prime of life. The Christian mission to them, begun in 1875, has resulted in the establishment of twenty-nine organizations. Meeting-places for their benefit have been opened in Cleveland, Erie, Altoona, Springfield, Worcester, Boston, New York, Jersey City, Pittsburg, and Detroit. Cleveland is the centre from which the work proceeds; here there is a "Railway Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association" of the city. At a recent meeting held in Cleveland, Mr. Davenport, president of the Erie car works, spoke of one railroad, notorious for the recklessness and profanity of its operatives, which had so far been benefited by this mission that "now an almost entire immunity from accident prevailed, and the managers were heard to say that they hardly knew their men, so great was the change."

Whittaker's "Protestant Episcopal Almanac and Directory for 1877" gives the following statistics of the Protestant Episcopal Church: Bishops, 59; bishops elect, 2; priests and deacons, 3171; baptisms, 42,031; confirmations, 27,761; communicants, 268,534; marriages, 9494; burials, 20,093; ordinations—priests, 96, deacons, 115; candidates for orders, 331; Sunday-school teachers, 26,429; scholars, 245,397; contributions, $6,539,927. Clergy deceased, 57; deposed, 11. A writer in the *Churchman*, who has analyzed the statistical reports, has found the number of clerical changes for 1876 to be 575. He says: "At this rate, the whole number of clergy having cures would change parishes every six years." He suggests that the next Church Congress take up the subject with a view to the discovery of some remedy for this clerical itinerancy.

Protestant missions to Roman Catholics are not usually very fruitful of results, but the French-Canadian Society, which has its centre in Montreal, has since its formation in 1839 been remarkably successful. Since that year it has circulated in the French language 43,000 Bibles, Testaments, and portions of Scripture, and half a million of other publications. In its schools 2000 pupils, mostly born Roman Catholics, have received education. Of this number, over twenty have become ministers, seventy have taught school, forty have become colporteurs, and many members of Protestant churches. Six schools are partly or wholly supported from its funds.

The recent political disturbances in South Carolina and Louisiana have again directed the attention of the country to the intellectual and moral condition of the freedmen, and will give interest to all reports of their progress. At the recent Convention of the colored Baptists of Alabama fifteen associations were represented; there are twenty-three in the State. The report of the secretary, the Rev. W. H. M'Alpin, presented a very dark picture of the condition of the colored people. "There is," it said, "very little spiritual, moral, and educational advancement. The outlook upon the young of our race presents a very dark appearance. Intemperance, ignorance, and immorality seem to be binding the race in their slavish chains." Bad as this account is, there are relieving features. A committee was appointed to confer with a committee of Georgia Baptists in relation to the building of a school for the colored youth of the two States. The Convention determined to establish a theological class in connection with Lincoln University, and a State school at Marion. The great need of the education of their people is deeply felt by the leaders of the freedmen in the South, but their poverty renders the carrying out of educational schemes very difficult.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A lady a short time back presented a telegram at a London post-office. The message was inclosed in an envelope. On receiving it the official at once proceeded to open it. "What are you about?" exclaimed the lady. The clerk explained that he could not send a message without first seeing it. Then, observed the lady, angrily, "Do you suppose I'm going to let you read my private affairs? I won't send it at all!" And forthwith she flounced out of the office in disgust.

Wanted to know—the exact length of a rope used when a man is "tied to time."

When is a doctor most annoyed?—When he is out of patients.

The whirligig of fashion may bring round the most sudden and dazzling changes, and the duties of the toilet may multiply like leaves in Vallombrosa, but there is nothing that will make a woman stand before her looking-glass so long as a sunburned nose.

A Wiseacre—Your wisdom tooth.

"That bed is not long enough for me," said a very tall, gruff old Englishman, upon being ushered into his bedroom by an Irish waiter at one of our hotels. "Faith an' you'll find it is plenty long, Sir, when you get into it," was the reply; "for then there'll be two feet more added to it." Exit Pat, with a boot fetching up the rear.

Ye redoubtable Southern Bulldozaire
Is the scamp that in some obscure cornaire
Waylays the man with the kinky haire,
Whom the laws have made a free votaire;
And then with his shot-gun persuadaire,
All ready for action, and noosed haltaire,
And also a loaded revolvaire,
Coaxes Blacky to vote as a White Leagaire:—
That is the terrible Bulldozaire.

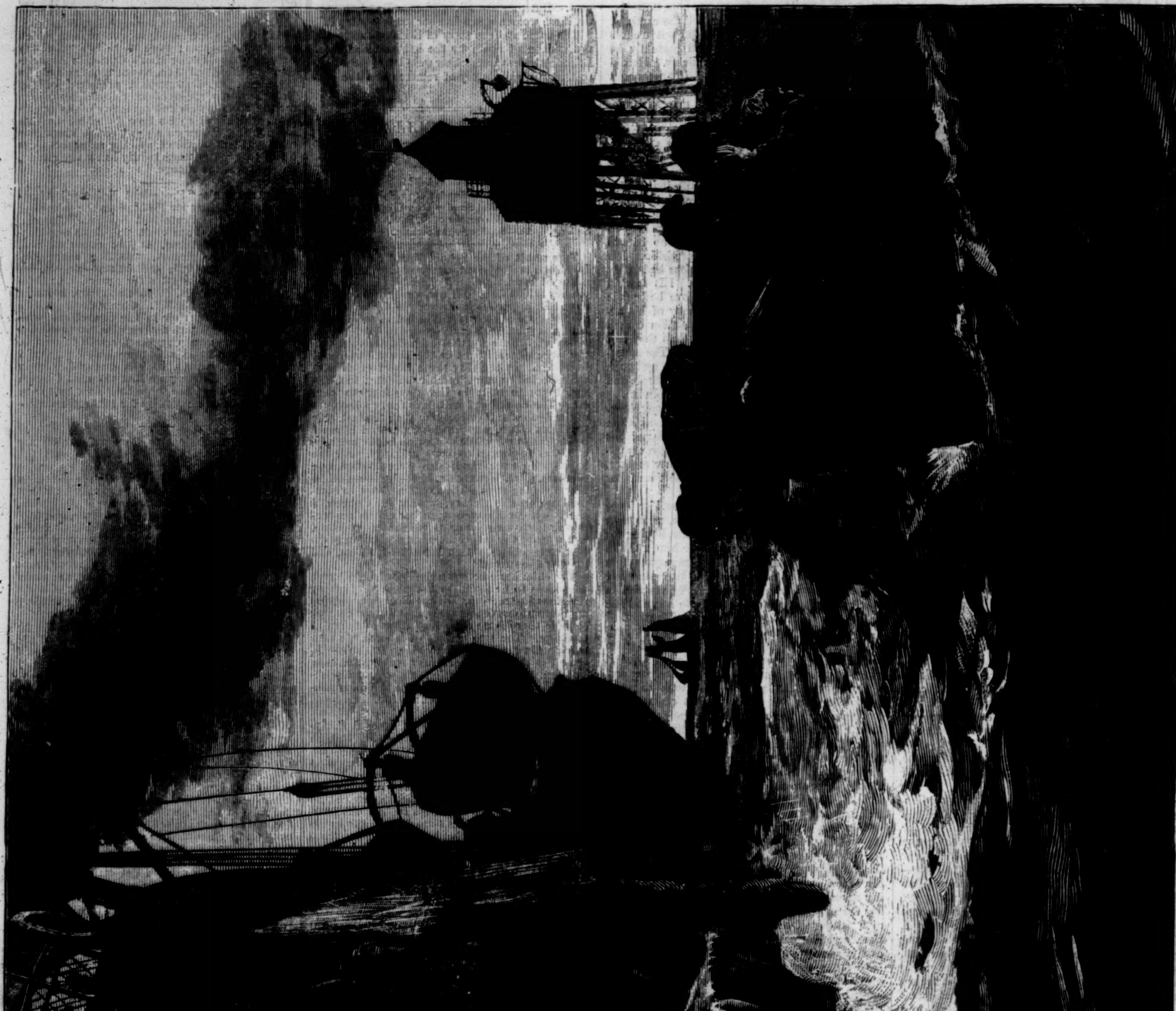
Scientific Fact.—There is no reason why the earth's inhabitants should always look grave, but it would disarrange things terribly if the earth herself were to lose her gravity.

How was it done?—Victor Hugo wrote to a "fraternal banquet" of working-men that he could not be present, but sent them "a shake of his hand from the bottom of his heart."

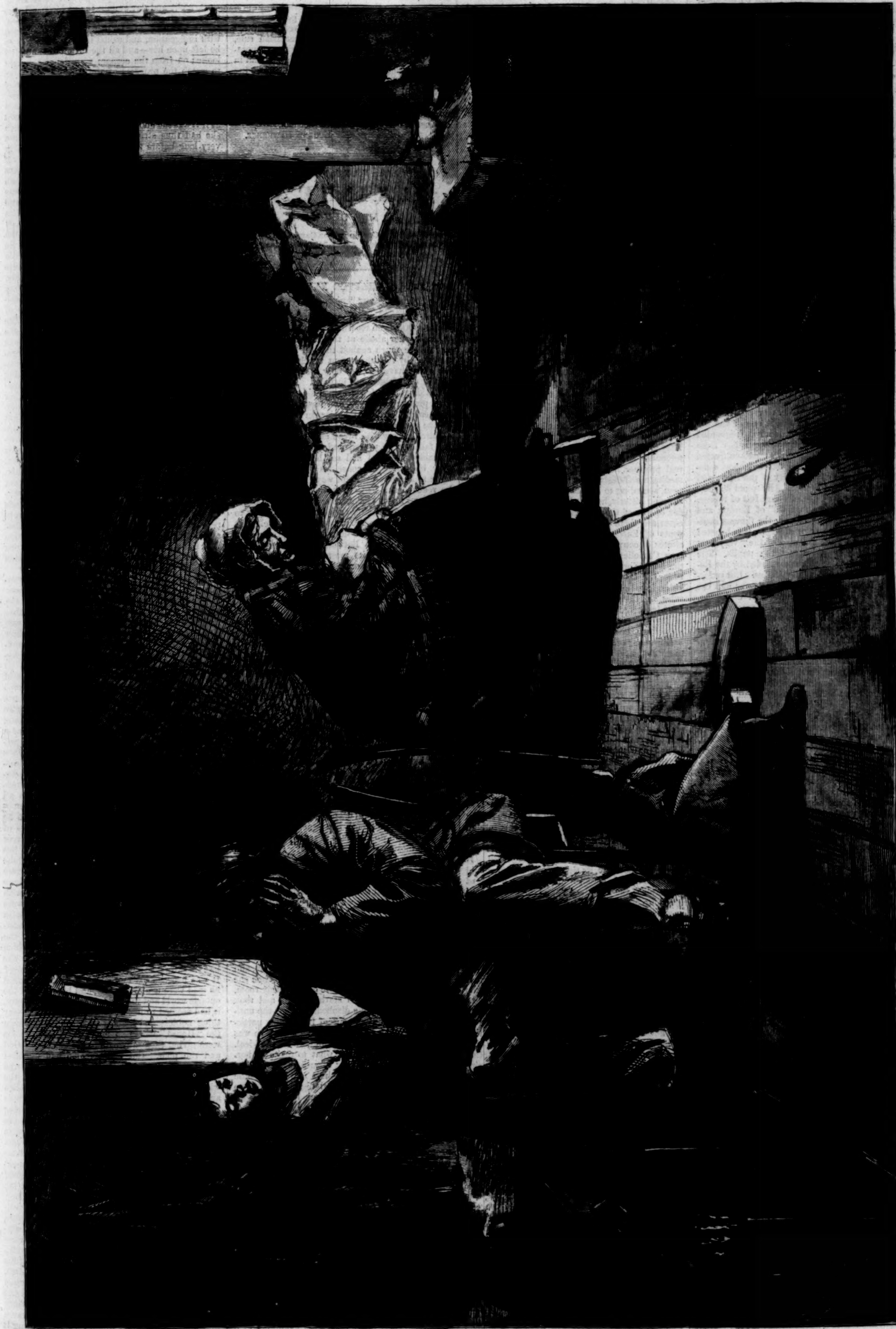
Match factories are the best places to look for amateur pugilists. The work-people are constantly engaged in boxing matches.

Out-door Relief—A breath of fresh air.

Catching it.—A servant-girl who had been admonished by her mistress to be very careful in "washin' up" the best tea-things, was overheard shortly afterward indulging in the following soliloquy while in the act of wiping the sugar basin: "If I was to drop this 'ere basin, and was to catch it, I suppose I shouldn't catch it; but if I was to drop it, and wasn't to catch it, I reckon I should just catch it."



THROWING OUT PAPERS FOR THE LIGHT-HOUSE.



ONE MORE MOUTH TO FEED.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.—[See Page 30.]

## "ONE MORE MOUTH TO FEED."

[See Illustration on Page 29.]

Ay, "One more mouth to feed!" falls on the air—
From bearded lips, this cry of deep despair.

But hark! Embalmed upon the sacred pages,
A Voice rings out through all the passing ages:
"Go, multiply, replenish; the earth is mine;
I give the heritage to thee and thine."

Ay, "One more mouth to feed!" in feeble tone
Is echoed back—a woman's bitter moan.

And yet from Palestine the words are ringing,
"In pain and sorrow life hath its beginning;
But when the hour is passed," proclaims the Voice,
"A man is born, the woman shall rejoice."

Ay, "One more mouth to feed!" Ah, tell me why,
Why rises up toward heaven this bitter cry?

Shall triumph greet the babe that needs must perish,
Whose feeble life there is no food to cherish?
Man's royal heritage since Time began
Is wrested from him by the wrath of Man.

Not "One more mouth to feed!" rang out that morn
When heavenly hosts proclaimed, "The Child is born!"

"The Child is born!" Yet who the Voice is heeding,
In stern command and now in anguish pleading,
"My poor! my poor!" The tones ring loud and free:
"Lo! what ye do to these, ye do to Me."

## CONVENT SCHOOLS—THEIR LATEST VICTIM.

A recent occurrence in France has thrown fresh light upon the way in which monastic and conventual establishments are managed, and the dangers to which their inmates are exposed, even though they are only boarders or pupils. The convent of Auteuil, near Paris, is one of the finest in Europe, and, it is said, is much frequented as a place of education by young ladies from America. It stands within its own well-cultivated grounds of ten acres, and looks out upon a delightful landscape of the valley of the Seine and the gay metropolis of France. All around it seems cheerful and elegant, graceful and full of repose. Many of the "highest families" of Europe and America, it is claimed, patronize the famous institution. Eighty nuns, some of whom, it is boasted by Monsignor Capel, are also of the "very best families" in Europe, instruct the pupils. The Mother Superior is highly commended by the Roman Catholic priests and dignitaries. But unfortunately for the reputation of the nuns and the Superior, at least for humanity and discretion, the case of Miss Mary Jackson has recently been told in the European papers with great vivacity. It indicates, what has so often been stated, so often proved, but which some Protestant parents persist in doubting, that these conventual establishments are too often scenes of active proselytism, where the most cruel means are sometimes employed to affect the minds of Protestant pupils, and where, when other instruments fail, severity and tyranny rule in their secret cells.

It seems that Miss Mary Jackson, a young girl of eighteen, was placed in the convent a year ago by her step-mother, who was a Roman Catholic, and was about to go to Hayti, her native place. The young girl was heir to a considerable fortune, which, if she died before she reached twenty-three years of age, would pass to the step-mother. She had been baptized in the Roman Catholic faith, but had lived since infancy with her uncle and aunt, was a Protestant, and regularly attended the Protestant services. But scarcely had she been left alone in the convent before the nuns and the Mother General, as Monsignor Capel calls the principal, attempted her conversion. She repelled all their efforts. They proceeded to use severity. Her letters to her uncle and aunt were intercepted. She was restrained of her freedom and intercourse with her friends. So painful were the means used to change her resolution that she attempted to escape from the convent, but was seized and brought back. So deep was the mental distress produced in her excitable nature by her isolation, the apparent neglect of her friends, the persecutions of her keepers, the nuns and the Mother General, that she twice attempted suicide. At last, however, she yielded, and became in name a Roman Catholic. But she now fell into a severe illness; and when she seemed near death, the Mother General, alarmed, wrote to her aunt, who came over to find her still in danger, and pining in the gloom of the convent. The uncle and aunt, with whom she had lived for many years, applied to the French courts to release her from the imprisonment in which she is held by the Mother General. The case has been decided by the courts, always under clerical control, in favor of the convent, and the nuns and the Mother General, aided by Monsignor Capel, a noted English priest, have written severe letters to the London *Standard*, denouncing the attempt to snatch from them their helpless victim.

In the mean time Miss Jackson remains a prisoner, forbidden to see her friends, bitterly complaining to her aunt by secret means that she has been forced to change her religion, eager to escape to England, but held firmly in the grasp of the Jesuits. Her uncle states that "she is dying," that she "is being killed;" while nothing can be more insolent or defiant than the tone of Monsignor Capel's letters. The lonely, isolated, perhaps dying girl seems to produce in him no emotion but that of rage and exultation. She is eager to seek the friendly shelter of her uncle's home; he is resolved to keep her in a convent whose severity she has sought to escape by two attempts at suicide. Monsignor Capel even exults in the fact that the convent has begun a libel suit against the French newspapers who have ventured to interfere in defense of the unhappy girl; he is not only resolved to hold fast his prisoner, but would silence the complaints of all who would help her to her freedom; with the unreasoning rage of a Spanish inquisitor, he would stifle even the cries of his victim. Thus far the papal powers have triumphed. But of the chief facts in this case there can be no dispute. The young Protestant girl, possessed of a fortune, is consigned to a convent, becomes the object of the proselyting spirit of its authorities, is persecuted, deprived of her liberty, is forced to change her religion, falls sick, is near death, would escape to friendly England, but is held by her pitiless captors in a hopeless bondage. What could be more natural than that she should long to see her English relations, that she should hate her prison, and seek escape from it even by the last resource of death?

Conventual establishments, of which we have so many growing up around us, are so opposed to the natural instincts of freedom, so open to abuse, so often the scenes of secret tyranny and oppression, have been so thoroughly condemned by the lessons of mediæval and modern history, that it hardly needs the example of this latest instance of their internal dangers to warn us of their probable results. The silence, the secrecy, the rigid rules, the practices of a bigoted fanaticism and of a servile obedience to a mother superior, the deep gloom and terror of a solitary cell, the sharp and acrid disposition, the intense spirit of tyranny, the overbearing despotism produced by this unnatural system, not to point out any worse consequences, are so clear to all thoughtful minds that one would think all educated nations would have banished forever the convent and the monastic school. The convent at Auteuil only deepens the natural suspicion that surrounds all institutions of its class. Here is one of the finest monastic schools in Europe, covered in groves and gardens, surrounded by the fairest scenery, managed, no doubt, with taste and all the exterior graces, yet made so odious by the cruel disposition of its nuns to one at least of its pupils that she would rejoice to escape from it by suicide. They intercept her letters; they shut her from intercourse with the world around her; she is a real prisoner for no offense; they drive her to meditate self-destruction; the last time she was seen, according to her uncle's statement, she was weeping bitterly, her head resting upon the shoulder of one of the servants. How many similar cases are there occurring constantly in the convents of Europe! How full is history of the abuses of conventual life! To all intelligent Roman Catholics and all the free communities of the New World it must be plain that these institutions, if they are suffered to exist at all, should be deprived of their enforced secrecy, their rigid rules, and their dangerous despotism, and be carefully inspected by public officials, so that no case of involuntary detention, like that at Auteuil, should ever occur.

How many of these conventual schools, affiliated to the Jesuit Society and governed by its rigid rule of obedience, silence, and subjection, have grown up in the city of New York is well known to most of our citizens; they rise around us like exhalations; they have been fostered by the lavish hands of our Roman Catholic rulers, and often liberally assisted from the public funds. Our patient people look on with hopeless apathy while these centres of infinite abuses are paid for with their money and flourish from their spoil. One of them, which claims to have four hundred scholars, many of whom are the children of wealthy parents, and which in some respects resembles that of Auteuil, has acquired a property of sixty acres in the neighborhood of One-Hundredth Street, and promises to become the wealthiest corporation we have among us. By what law or by what means this foreign institution has acquired or is entitled to hold sixty acres of land in the city of New York is not known and can not probably be discovered. If this is a corporation, its right of acquisition should be limited to its actual wants; if it is a case of trusteeship, the law should intervene to prevent indefinite accumulation. What right, in fact, has any monastic institution or foreign sect to engross sixty acres of land and hold it for its own purposes forever? How can sixty acres be ever employed for scholastic uses? Yet the Mother General Hardy, in whose name this large property stands, not only defends her growing domain, but refuses to pay any tax for the whole or any part of it. One acre, one might suppose, or two, would suffice for a school and nunnery in one of the most valuable quarters of New York: ten acres is all that the magnificent convent of Auteuil, one of the finest in Europe, is allowed to hold, and that is ten miles from Paris. The courts, under clerical influence, have decided in favor of Mother Hardy; she pays no tax on all her vast domain; and while the lay property holders in other parts of the city see their decaying lands borne down by a growing burden of taxation, while by an excessive valuation and an enormous tax rate our Roman Catholic rulers are stealing away the prosperity, business, and life of the city, while they are heaping debt upon debt, tax on tax, until ruin approaches even many of the wealthy, the Papal Church holds its vast possessions free and untouched, and laughs at the calamities of its victims.

Mother Hardy's conventual school is one of a large class of similar establishments in the city of New York. Its sixty acres represent only a small part of the endowment of these dangerous institutions. They should either be broken up by law, as has recently been done in Germany, Italy, Mexico, Guatemala, and as was long ago done in England, Scandinavia, Prussia, France, or they should be forbidden to hold any land beyond their actual necessities, and should be so closely watched as to prevent those abuses which in all ages have made the monastery and the nunnery objects of just and general suspicion. To allow large tracts of land in the city of New York to be exempted from taxation because devoted to conventual purposes is one of those violations of American principles forced upon us by the rule of a foreign Church. To give public aid to a system of monasteries and nunneries, in whatever form they may be concealed, is to provide endless difficulties for future generations to solve. Every prudent Protestant, every cultivated Roman Catholic, all who oppose sectarian rule, must see that the rise of these religious corporations to great wealth and power can only end in a violent revulsion and political disturbance. Let us at least have a mortmain law, and prohibit forever all future accumulations of property in the hands of sectarian institutions; above all, let no land in the city of New York escape taxation because it belongs to a convent school.

Eugene Lawrence.

(Continued from Vol. XX., No. 1042, page 1023.)

# CARITÀ.

### By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE "HOUSE."

When Agnes Burchell encountered Oswald Meredith, as has been recorded, she had but recently taken up her abode at the "House." She had gone there much against the will of her family, actuated by that discontent which many generations may have felt, but only the present generation has confessed and justified. Agnes was the eldest daughter of a very prosaic pair, born in a very prosaic household, and how it was that the ideal caught her in its tenacious grip nobody knew. In the rectory at the foot of the hill, noisy with children, greasy with bread and butter, between a fat father who prosed and a stout mother who grumbled, the girl had set her heart, from the very beginning of conscious sentiment in her, upon some more excellent way. How this was to be reached she had not been able to divine for years, and many pious struggles had poor Agnes against her own better desires, many attempts to subdue herself and to represent to herself that the things she had to do were her duty and the best things for her. Between exhortations to the service of God in its most spiritual sense, and exhortations to be contented "in that condition of life to which God had called her," her heart was rent and her life distracted. Was there, indeed, nothing better in the world than to cut the bread and butter like Charlotte, to darn the stockings, to listen to parish gossip and her mother's standing grievance, which was that Cherry Beresford, an old maid, should be well off and drive about in her carriage, while she, the rector's wife, went painfully afoot, and her father's twaddle about the plague of Dissenters and the wickedness of curates? Agnes tried very hard to accommodate herself to these circumstances of her lot. She tried to change the tone of the family talk, making herself extremely disagreeable to every body in so doing. She tried to reduce the children to obedience and to bring order into the unruly house, and in so doing got herself soundly rated by every body. Who was she that she should take upon her to be superior to every body—to set them all right? The rest of the Burchells were very comfortable in their state of hugger-mugger, and that she should pretend a dislike to it aggravated them all deeply—while all the same she was informed, both in sermons and in good books, that to do the duty nearest to your hand was the most heroic Christian duty. Poor Agnes could not see her way to do any duty at all. There were three sisters over sixteen, more than could be employed upon the stockings and the bread and butter. Then she tried the parish, but found with humiliation that with neither soup, nor puddings, nor little bottles of wine, nor even tracts to carry about, her visits were but little prized. Louisa, her next sister, answered better in every way than she did. When she was scolded, she scolded back again in a filial manner, having the last word always. She boxed the children's ears, and pushed them about, and read a novel—when she could get one—in the middle of an untidy room, with unkempt children staring about, and took no notice; neither the disobedience, nor the untidiness, nor the unjust reproof having any particular effect upon her. Louisa did what she was obliged to do, and knew nothing about the ideal. But Agnes did not know what to make of herself. She was called by absurd nicknames of mock respect by her brothers and sisters—the "princess," and "your royal highness," and so forth; and Mr. Burchell seldom lost an opportunity of saying, "Agnes thinks she knows better, of course; but my old-fashioned ways are good enough for me." Thus year after year went over her young head, each one increasing her inappropriateness—the want of any fit place for her where she was. It was against the pride of the family that she should go out as a governess, and, indeed, she was not sufficiently educated herself to teach any one else. She was at the very height of discomfort when there dawned upon her the prospect of doing something better in the "House"—serving the poor, teaching the untaught. The rectory was very full at the time, and her room was much wanted for an uncle who was coming to pay a visit; but yet, notwithstanding this great immediate convenience, there was a great deal of resistance.

Mr. Burchell's church politics were undecided. He was only entering upon the path of Ritualism, starting mildly, under the guidance of a curate, with saint's-day services and the beginning of a choir, and the name of a Sisterhood frightened him. As for Mrs. Burchell, her indignation knew no bounds. "Your duty is at home, you ungrateful girl, where your father and I have stinted ourselves to let you have every thing that is comfortable. And now you go and leave me to work night and day among the children. I who have no strength for it—" "There is Louisa, mamma," said Agnes; upon which Louisa cried with indignation, and asked if *every thing* was to be left upon her—and all the little boys and girls looked on from the corners with demure delight to watch the progress of the "shindy" between Agnes and mamma. At last, however, after many scenes of this kind, Agnes was allowed to go free. She went to London, and set herself up with a modified uniform, and was as glad and triumphant as if it was the noblest vocation in the world which she had thus struggled into. Alas! it was not very long before the bonds of the prosaic earth again galled her, and the ideal seemed as far off as ever. Ignoble breakfasts and dinners and teas are as ignoble in a charitable "House" as in an overcrowded rectory; and here, too, there was gossip and unruliness and want of discipline, and very poor success in the elevation of life out of its beggarly elements. To teach children their A B C is not an inspiriting occupation, even when the children are destitute and orphans. It was so hard to realize that they were so. The poor little wretches were just as tiresome and insubordinate as if they had been her own brothers and sisters. Nothing of the sentiment of their position hung about them. And the Sisters were extremely business-like, and did their duty without a tinge of romance, as if they had been hired to do it. The awakening had been sharp for Agnes, but she had already got beyond the first stage, and was now fighting with her disappointment and arguing herself back into satisfaction. It is impossible to tell what a help to her was the breaking of little Emmy's leg. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. She would have liked to nurse her altogether, but at least to go to her to the hospital, to cheer her, and whisper consolation. That was something; and when the child's face brightened at her coming, Agnes, with a sudden throb of her heart, felt that at least for the moment here was the ideal for which she had sighed. Here was some real good of her. But for her, nobody would have visited little Emmy; they would have been content to hear that she was doing well—that smile of half-celestial happiness upon the poor little sick face would never have reflected heaven but for Agnes. It was the first approach to contentment in her own occupation which she had ever felt. And she had to work all the harder to get herself this pleasure, which made her satisfaction all the more warm.

But—whether it was right to talk to the stranger who was so very much interested in poor little Emmy afterward—was that a part of the ideal too? To be sure, he had a right to inquire. He had been present at the accident, and had carried the child in his arms to the hospital—how very kindly!—and talked with what understanding! and an enthusiasm which was balm to Agnes, and partially rekindled her own. That he should ask was quite natural; that he should walk with her back to the "House" had seemed very natural too—quite natural. He did not look as if he thought it a thing even to apologize about, but went on with quiet simplicity, going the same way as she did. Agnes felt that, as a young lady at home, it would have appeared, perhaps, a little strange that a stranger should have done this, but reflected with a thrill, half of pleasure, half of annoyance, that the uniform of a Sister had its disadvantages as well as its advantages, and that while it protected her from all rudeness, it at the same time broke the ceremonial bonds of politeness, and left her open to be addressed with frank simplicity by all classes of people. She thought it right to let him know that she was not a Sister, but only a teacher; but it had made no difference in him. Perhaps (she explained to herself) it was because there were nothing but women at the "House" that there was a certain piquancy in this conversation with a man; for the clergy, in their cassocks, were but a kind of half and half, and talked just in the same tone as Sister Mary Jane about the business of the "House," and subscriptions, and the balance sheet, and what the Vicar thought, which was the final test of every thing. Why did she like this stranger so much better than the clergy? It was because his tone and his looks and what he said were a little variety, and breathed of the outside world and the wider horizon. To be sure, it had seemed to her a little while ago that every thing noblest and highest was to be had within the "House," where so many consecrated souls were giving themselves up to the service of God and the poor. But being inside had modified the views with which she had contemplated the "House" from without. The world itself, the wicked and foolish world, though no less foolish and wicked, had gained a certain interest. There was variety in it; it was, perhaps, more amusing than the "House." These thoughts filled the mind of Agnes as the door, which was always kept locked, was closed upon her. The horizon grew narrower as she came in—that was a natural effect, for, of course, four straight walls must cut out a great deal of sky, but the effect seemed greater than usual that day. She felt shut in; nothing could be easier than to unlock the door, though it looked so heavy; but there was a feeling of confinement somehow in the air. Agnes had to go into the severe Gothic room, with windows high in the wall, where the children were coming in to tea, while Mr. Oswald Meredith walked away in the free air as he pleased, holding his head high. Agnes breathed a soft sigh unawares. Where was the ideal now? There came upon her a vision of the woods and the Hill, and the winding paths that led to it, and of the four winds that were always blowing there, and the leaves that answered to every breath. What a thing it would be to thread through the woods, as she had done so often, with the wind fresh in her face, chill but vigorous, breathing life and exhilaration! How the ideal shifts and changes when one is about twenty! The "House" looked poor indeed in the weariful afternoon about the darkening, full of the *fade* odor of weak tea.

Things grew very serious, however, next week, when, exactly as it happened before, just as she came out of hospital from her visit to Emma, Mr. Oswald Meredith once more appeared. He was both sorry and glad in a breath—sorry to be too late for personal inquiries, glad to have been so fortunate as just to find her—the best authority about the child.

"I felt sure you would be going to see her," he said. "Little Emmy is a lucky little girl. May I hear how she is getting on, though I scarcely deserve it for being so late."

He turned as he spoke to walk with her, and what could Agnes do? She could not refuse to answer him, or show any prudery. He evidently (she said to herself) thought nothing of it; why should she appear to demur to any thing so simple? Give a report about a suffering child? Any one might do that to any one. And she told him that Emmy was making satisfactory progress, though she had been feverish and ill. "I was a little frightened, though the nurse said it was nothing. She wandered, and spoke so strangely for a little while. Poor little Emmy! She had a beautiful dream, and thought herself in heaven."

"While you were there?" said Oswald, with a significance in the simple question which covered her face with a sudden blush. Then she blushed deeper still to think what foolish, unpardonable vanity this was—vanity the most extraordinary, the most silly. What he meant, *of course*, was a simple question, most natural—an inquiry about a fact, not any wicked compliment. How Agnes hated and despised herself for the warm suffusion of shy pleasure which she had felt in her heart and on her face!

"Yes," she said, demurely; "but she soon roused up and came quite to herself. She had been in great pain, and they had given her something to deaden it, that was all."

"I quite understand," he said, with again that appearance of meaning more than he said. No doubt it was merely his way; and it was embarrassing, but not so disagreeable as, perhaps, it ought to have been. Agnes kept her head down, and slightly turned away, so that this stranger could not see the inappropriate blushes which came and went under the bonnet of the Sisterhood. Then there was a pause; and she wondered within herself whether it would be best to turn down a cross-street, and feign an errand, which would take her out of the straight road to the "House"—evidently that was *his* way—and by this means she might escape his close attendance. But then to invent a fictitious errand would be unquestionably wrong; whereas to allow a gentleman whom she did not know to walk along the public pavement, to which every body had an equal right, by her side was only problematically wrong. Miss Agnes hesitated, in a flutter, between two courses. So long as they were not talking it seemed more easy to exercise choice.

"What a strange world a hospital must be!" he said. "I have been watching the people coming out" ("Then he was not late, after all," Agnes remarked to herself); "some of them pleased, some anxious, but the most part indifferent. Indifference always carries the day. Is that why the world goes on so steadily, whatever happens? Here and there is one who shows some feeling—"

"It is because the greater part of the patients are not very ill," said Agnes, responding instantly to this challenge. "Oh no, people are not indifferent. I know that is what is said; that we eat our dinners in spite of every thing—"

"And don't we? or, rather, don't they? Ourselves are always excepted, I suppose," said Oswald, delighted to have set afloat one of those abstract discussions which young talkers aware of a pleasant faculty of turning sentences love.

"Why should ourselves be exempted?" said Agnes, forgetting her shyness. "Why should it always be supposed that we who speak are better than our neighbors? Oh, I have seen so much of that! people who know only a little circle setting down all the rest of the world as wicked. Why? If I am unhappy when any one I love is in trouble, that is a reason for believing that others are so too; not that others are indifferent—"

"Ah," said Oswald, "to judge the world by yourself would be well for the world, but disappointing for you, I fear. I am an optimist, too; but I would not go so far as that."

She gave him a sudden look, half inquiring, half impatient. "One knows more harm of one's self than one can know of any one else," she said, with the dogmatism of youth.

He laughed. "I see now why you judge people more leniently than I do. What quantities of harm I must know that you could not believe possible! What is life like, I wonder, up on those snowy heights so near the sky?—a beautiful soft psalm, with just a half tone wrong here and there to show that it is outside heaven—"

"Indeed, indeed, you are mistaken. I—I am not a Sister—you mistake me," said Agnes, in agitation. "It is only the dress—"

"You are doing just what you condemn," he said; "setting me down as a superficial person able to judge only by the outside. I have superior pretensions. Is my friend Sister Mary Jane the Superior of the convent?—but I suppose you don't call it a convent? I have only known them in France."

"We call it only 'the House;' but I have never been in France—never out of England at all. Is it not like going into a different world?" Agnes took up this subject eagerly, to escape the embarrassment of the other, and fortunately the House itself was already in sight.

"The very same world, only differently dressed. I suppose there is something harmonious in a uniform. All the nuns have a kind of beauty, not the pensive kind one expects; or perhaps it is the white head-dress and the calm life that give the Sisters such pretty complexions and such clear eyes. Sister Mary Jane, for instance—you will allow that the Sisters are calm—"

"But not indifferent," said Agnes, moved to an answering smile as they reached the safe door of the House. She threw that smile at him as a farewell defiance as she went up to the locked door, which opened to her with an alarming sound of keys, turning like the door of a true convent of romance, though it was in a London street. He lingered, but she did not look back. She was very thankful to reach that safe shelter, and find herself delivered from the doubtful privilege of his attendance. And yet somehow the afternoon darkened suddenly, the sky clouded over as she went in, and her heart sank she could not tell how. Why should her heart sink? She had scarcely got in-doors before she was met by Sister Mary Jane, who asked for little Emmy with business-like brevity; then, just pausing for a reply, went on to talk of work, the subject which filled all her thoughts.

"Go, please, and take care of the middle girls at relaxation: they are in St. Cecilia; and keep your eye on Marian Smith, who has already lost five marks for untidiness, and Araminta Blunt, who is in punishment for talking. And see that relaxation is ended, and they all begin learning their lessons at 6.30. I must take the elder girls myself for an hour before even-song. Have you had tea?" said Sister Mary Jane. "No? then go quickly, please, my dear, and have some. It is not cleared away yet. The infants have been rather unruly, and I mean to speak to the Vicar about it this evening. We want some one else to help with the infants. In St. Cecilia, yes. Make haste, my dear."

Agnes went into the large room which was called the refectory—the banqueting hall of the establishment—where the air was heavy with tea and bread and butter, and the long tables, partially cleared, still bore traces of the repast. It was a large room; the walls enlivened with Scriptural pictures, and rich with lines of colored bricks unplastered. The servants of the House were not of a very superior class, as may be supposed, and to see them pushing about the cups and saucers, rattling down the heavy trays full of fragments, and hustling each other about the tables, was not exhilarating. How closed in and confined every thing looked, how dreary the atmosphere, the evening so much more advanced than out-of-doors! Agnes tried to drink with contentment her lukewarm cup of tea, and to think with satisfaction of the middle girls who awaited her in St. Cecilia. But it was astonishing how difficult she felt it to do this. The summer afternoon skies, the soft breathing of the spring air, the long distances—though they were but lines of streets—and wide atmosphere—though it was tinged with London smoke—which lay outside those walls, had suggested sentiments so different. The sentiments which they would have suggested to Sister Mary Jane would have been quite unlike those that filled the mind of Agnes. She would have said it was a sweet evening, and hurried in to work. The smell of the tea did not sicken her, nor the sight of the used cups and the stains here and there on the cloth, where an unruly child (doomed to lose her marks for neatness) had pulled over her cup. She thought that to superintend the middle girls at relaxation was as pleasant an occupation as could be found—and that a walk through the streets was a weariness to the flesh. As for Mr. Oswald Meredith, except that it was very nice of him to have given such a good subscription to the House, she would not have considered him worthy a glance—her mind was busy about other things. She had to take the girls for an hour before even-song, and afterward had to look over their exercises and inspect the books, and hear the reports of the teachers. Araminta Blunt, who was in punishment for talking, and Marian Smith, who had lost five marks for untidiness, were of more interest to her than all the ideals in the world. She was very kind to fanciful Agnes, as well as to every body else, but she had no time to indulge in fancies for her own part. She gave her directions to one and another as she went along the passage. There was not a minute of her valuable time which she could afford to lose. Agnes thought of all this with a sigh as she went to St. Cecilia, where the middle girls awaited her. Would she ever be as satisfied with her work, as pleased with her surroundings, as Sister Mary Jane? and was it not her duty to endeavor to make herself so? For she could not say to herself, as she had done at home, that this was mere seeming carelessness and apathetic resignation to the common course of events. Here, on the contrary, it was self-sacrifice that was the rule, and consecration to the service of the helpless. The poor girl was young; perhaps that was the chief drawback in her way. The softness of the skies, the speculative delights of conversation, the look of Oswald Meredith as he spoke of "the snowy heights so near the sky," what had these mere chance circumstances, which she had encountered unawares, to do with the serious life which she had herself selected as the best? And, alas! was St. Cecilia, with the girls at relaxation, any thing like those "snowy heights?" The little squabbles, the little fibs, the little jealousies which the children indulged in none the less for being in the interesting position of orphans, the helpless and friendless children, with no father but God, jarred upon her more and more as this poetical imagination of her life came back to her mind. Surely he must be a poet. This was her concluding thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We some time ago announced the death of Dr. Carl Jelinek, an eminent Austrian meteorologist, and now present some further particulars to our readers concerning him. He was born on the 23d of October, 1822, and at the age of twenty-one became assistant in the Vienna Observatory, and at twenty-five assistant in the observatory at Prague. Here he found his proper sphere, and during much of his life was occupied in studying and solving many of the most important problems of meteorology. In 1863 he was placed in charge of the Central Institute for Meteorology and Magnetism at Vienna, which he soon brought to a condition of extreme efficiency, securing the means for the construction of self-recording apparatus for meteorology and magnetism of the most perfect character. His most important meteorological publications appeared between 1865 and 1870, and included a consideration of the mean annual and monthly atmospheric pressure, the temperature, and the rain-fall of Austria. His death took place on the 9th of October, at the age of fifty-four.

Among the most interesting animals of Australia is the echidna, a mammal of very low organization, with the back covered with thick quills like those of the European porcupine. This genus is closely related to the *Ornithorhyncus*, or duck-billed water mole, which, when first brought to Europe, was supposed to have the head of a duck cunningly combined with the body of a mammal. These two forms constitute a group entirely peculiar to Australia. It is announced, however, that a second and larger species of echidna has been collected in the Arfak Mountains of New Guinea, and sent to the museum of Milan, showing a very important fact in reference to the former relations of these two countries.

The fourth number of the Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, like its predecessors, contains some interesting papers on American ornithology, the most important, perhaps, being the "Notes on Texas Birds," by Dr. J. C. Merrill. From this we learn that Dr. Merrill, a surgeon of the United States army, stationed at Fort Brown, in Texas, has succeeded in adding five species to the North American fauna, several of them, indeed, suspected to occur there, but heretofore without any positive assurance of the fact. These species are *Molothrus æneus*, a species allied to the common cow-bird of the Northern States; *Nyctidromus albicollis*, a species of goat-sucker, resembling the night-hawk, but with longer legs; *Pyrrhophæna riefferi*, a large species of Mexican humming-bird; *Parra gymnostoma*, a small rail-like species, characterized by extremely long toes, by the aid of which it walks readily over the surface of floating leaves, and with sharp spurs on its wings; and *Podiceps dominicus*, a diminutive grebe or dabchick. He also describes the eggs of several other species of Texas birds. Dr. Merrill has since secured a second species of humming-bird, previously unknown in the United States.

Mr. Theodore von Heuglin died at Stuttgart on the 5th of November, at the age of fifty-two. This gentleman was a distinguished naturalist, having devoted much of his life to travel in remoter regions, especially in Africa, and having published numerous works, among them a monograph of the birds of Northern Africa.

In connection with some electric experiments elucidatory of the phenomena of the auroras, Planté states that one might conclude that the aurora results from the diffusion in the upper strata of the atmosphere around the magnetic poles of the positive electricity emanating from the polar regions themselves; which emanations may take place either obscurely, when no obstacle is interposed, or may take place visibly, as auroral light, by meeting with aqueous masses either in the solid or liquid state; which matter is vaporized by the heat evolved in the electric discharge, and is subsequently again precipitated either as rain or snow at the surface of the globe.

A long-needed survey of the Tripolitan coast has just been completed by Captain Mouchez, of the French navy. These shores have been avoided by navigators in all ages, the only European vessels heretofore seen by the barbarous inhabitants being those wrecked on the coast. An attempt was made to capture Captain Mouchez, and carry him into the interior as a prisoner, which was only averted by skillful diplomacy. Captain Mouchez's reputation as a surveyor is a guarantee of the excellence of his work, which completes the survey of the coasts of the Mediterranean.

The London *Field* contains a notice, with a diagram, of an establishment lately erected in Holland for the artificial propagation of fish, and situated in the vicinity of Arnhem. The hatching house covers an area of 180 square yards, and is supplied with water coming partly by springs and partly by being pumped up from the river. The maximum temperature of the river water in the summer is 72° F.; that of the spring water, about 43° F. This building is provided with stone troughs capable of hatching 600,000 eggs, and having other tanks for receiving the young. The principal species hatched at this establishment are trout, salmon, salmon-trout, etc. About 285,000 young salmon, produced from 360,000 eggs, were placed in the Yssel in the season of 1874. The eggs have for the most part hitherto been from Hüningen and Freiburg, but those in question were secured from fish caught in Holland. Great hopes are expressed in Holland as to the results of this establishment in restocking the Dutch rivers Yssel and Vecht with salmonidæ, although an American fish-culturist would be inclined to smile at the labored preparation and probable expense of an establishment for hatching only 600,000 eggs. The United States hatching house on the M'Cloud River, California, has accommodation for 6,000,000 eggs; that at Bucksport, Maine, for some 4,000,000; and the comparatively small establishment of the Maryland Fish Commission, in charge of Mr. Ferguson, in Baltimore, has been hatching a million and a quarter of salmon during the present season, with a considerably larger capacity. The hatching houses for white-fish on the lakes are capable of managing five or ten millions. This difference is due to the totally distinct apparatus used in America, which, although it may seem somewhat of a boast, is far beyond Europe in every thing connected with the propagation of fish.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE WILDS.

On page 32 our readers will find an interesting and picturesque engraving which represents the celebration of Christmas far up in the Northern regions of America, under control of the famous and ancient Hudson Bay Company. It is a night scene in the primeval forest. The flames of a huge camp fire illuminate the branches of the great pine-tree, about which are grouped a number of hardy hunters drinking to the health of the new-comer who has just halted his dog team within the cheerful circle of light. They all seem to be right jolly fellows, and their Christmas will doubtless be as full of fun and merry-making as if they were gathered about a blazing hearth under the protection of a civilized roof.

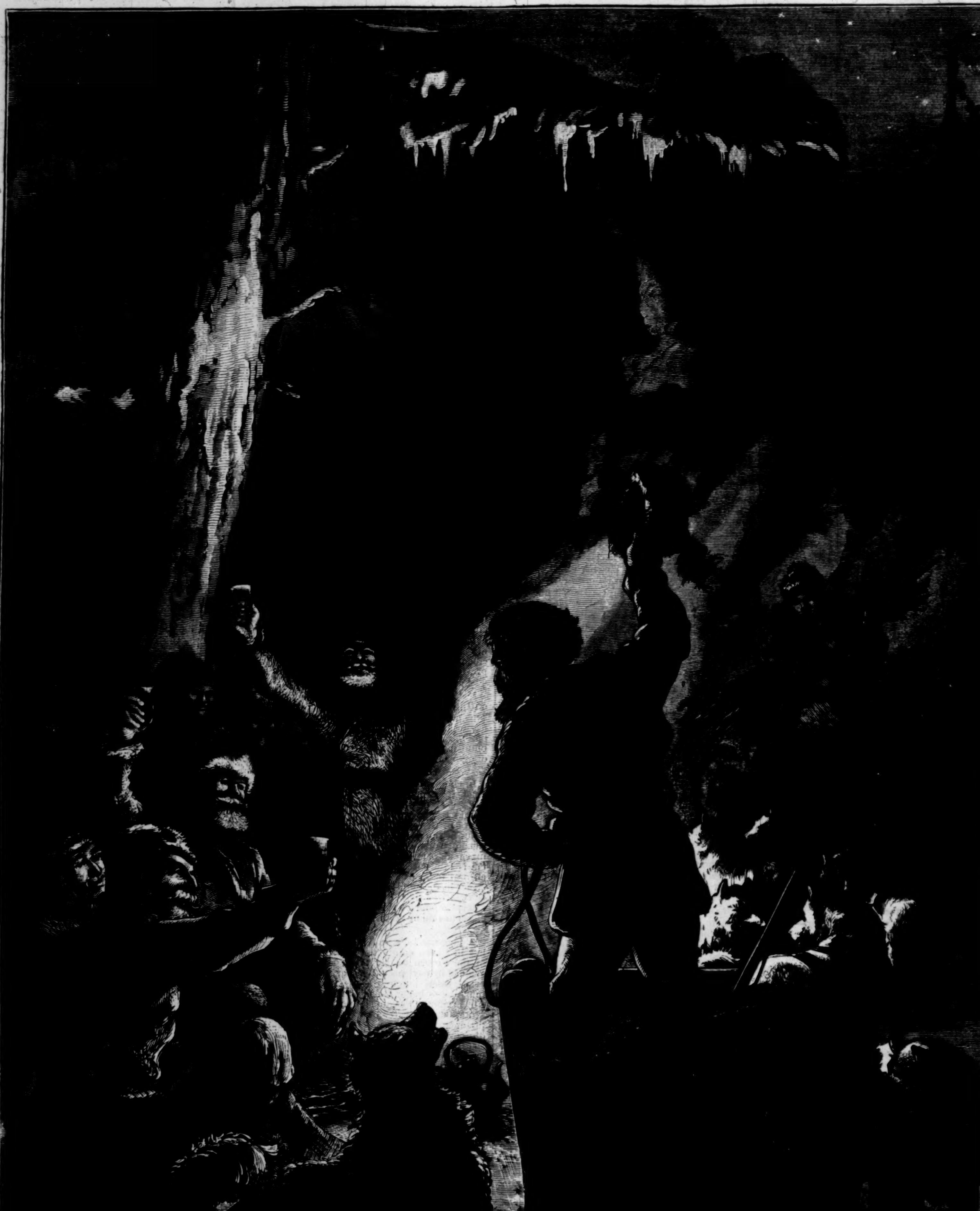
The Hudson Bay Company, among whose servants our artist found the materials for this picturesque sketch, is of quite ancient origin as things go in America, having been formed in 1670. The charter was granted by King Charles II. of England, and the company at first consisted of Prince Rupert, the king's cousin, and certain specified associates. It was invested with the absolute proprietorship, subordinate sovereignty, and exclusive traffic of an undefined territory, which, under the name of Rupert Land, comprised all the regions discovered or to be discovered within the entrance of Hudson Strait. Rupert Land was decidedly the most extensive of the dependencies of England, being held to embrace all the lands that poured water into Hudson Bay or Hudson Strait.

The whole of this vast territory slopes inward toward Hudson Bay, and is well supplied with rivers of sufficient magnitude to serve for commercial highways. The mountains of this region, which are chiefly on the boundaries, are of primitive rock, and a great portion of the country is densely wooded. The soil is rich, but on account of the severity of the climate, which is not only of a generally low temperature, but exceedingly variable in summer and autumn, the cereals and other alimentary plants are not cultivated to any extent; in fact, they are only planted in the neighborhood of the trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company and in the agricultural settlement on Red River, in the southwest. In the north the vegetation and climate are those of the polar regions.

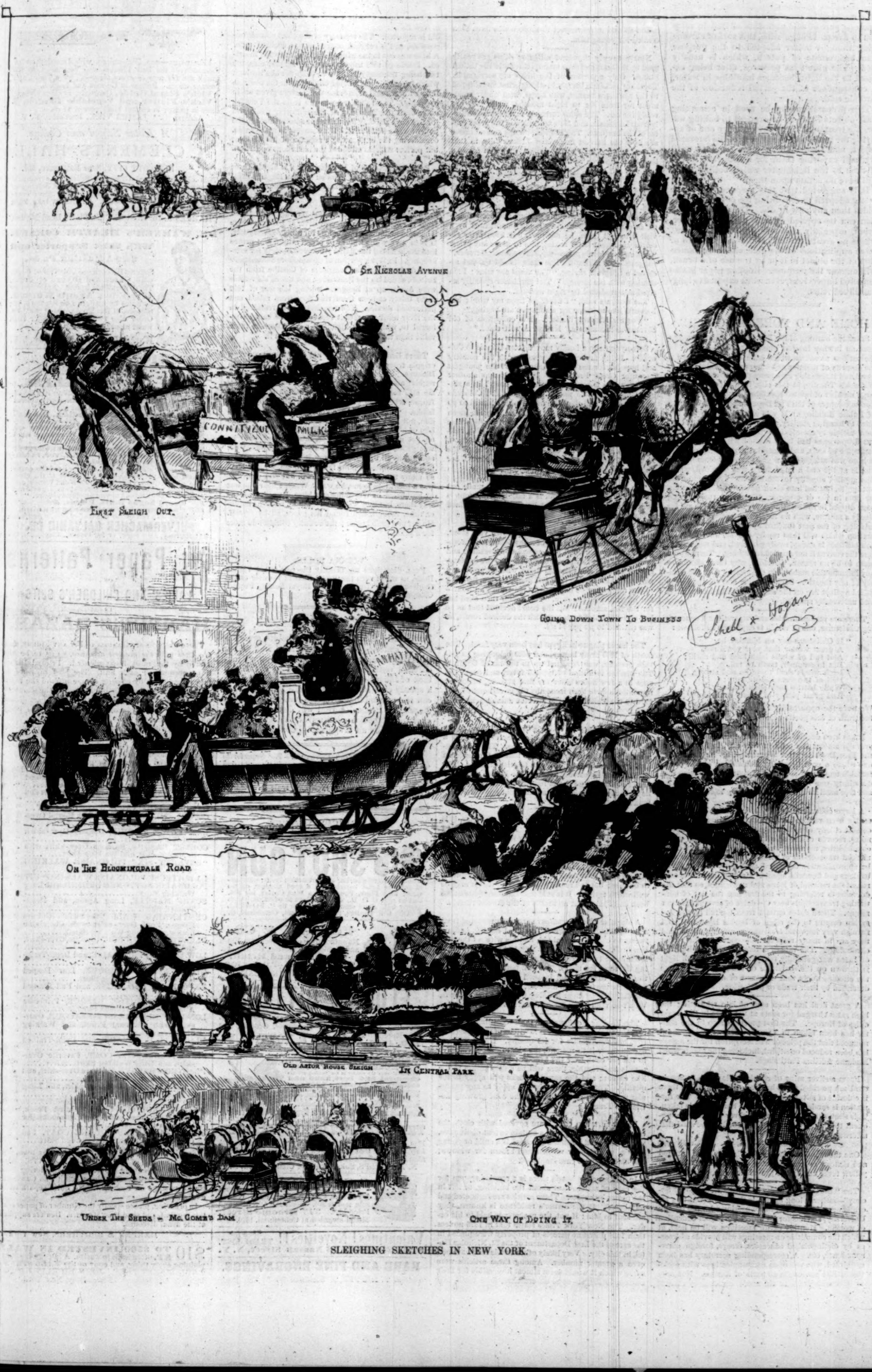
The chief dependence of the inhabitants of Rupert Land for food and clothing is on the animal kingdom, which is here most abundantly represented. Beavers are still found, and bears, otters, martens, and musk-rats are abundant, their skins forming the chief commercial product of the country. There is also a variety of foxes, as well as bears, wolves, Canadian lynxes, and other less important animals. Among those used for food are the wapiti, reindeer, moose, and other species of deer, the musk-ox, hares, and an immense variety of wood fowl and other birds.

For more than a century the original company confined themselves to that part of this vast region bordering on Hudson Bay; but about the time of the formation of the American republic their advance into the interior was accelerated, if not occasioned, by the more mature development of an ancient rivalry. From about the middle of the seventeenth century—an epoch antecedent to the charter—New France, besides stretching in name to the arctic circle, had in reality advanced to the shores of Hudson Bay, and this position of affairs was virtually recognized by that provision of the letters patent which exempted from their operation any actual possession of any Christian prince or state. Though the claims of France, after being confirmed in 1697 by the treaty of Ryswick, were at last abandoned in 1713 by the treaty of Utrecht, yet, in point of fact, adventurers from the Great Lakes, while Canada was still French, had penetrated in quest of peltry far up the Saskatchewan toward the Rocky Mountains. Such overland enterprises soon came to be prosecuted with more systematic energy under English auspices, till in 1783 they led to the formation of the Northwest Company of Montreal. After an age of stubborn competition, the Hudson Bay Company coalesced, in 1821, with its formidable opponent. In 1870 Rupert Land was surrendered by the Hudson Bay Company, and a portion of it admitted into the dominion of Canada under the name of Manitoba.

Under the deed of Charles II. the Hudson Bay Company possessed certain powers, now practically obsolete, beyond the limits of Rupert Land, being invested with jurisdiction over its own servants, whether in the adjacent wilderness or on the high seas, and being entitled to make war on any non-Christian prince or people. Its internal constitution, as regulated by letters patent, is peculiar in this respect, that, without any such graduated restrictions as generally affect similar associations, the influence of a proprietor is precisely proportioned to his number of shares, one vote being attached to every £100 sterling of stock. Further, the body is required to act at home through a governor and committee, and abroad through a governor and council. As to actual organization, the local ruler's advisers are mostly such mercantile officers as are above the rank of clerk. These mercantile officers, hence loosely distinguished as wintering partners, receive among them two-fifths of the net profits of the concern, a chief factor getting two and a chief trader one of the eighty-five parts into which the allotment in question is divided. The annual revenue of the company averages about £80,000, yielding about £48,000 to the proprietors, and about £32,000 to the wintering partners. This income arises almost entirely from furs, other articles, such as tallow, oil, timber, etc., never having been of much account in the commerce of that region.



CHRISTMAS IN THE WILDS—WITH THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY HUNTERS.—[SEE PAGE 31.]


Connecticut
Milk
Schell & Hogan

On St. Nicholas Avenue

First Sleigh Out.

Going Down Town To Business

On The Bloomingdale Road.

Old Astor House Sleigh

In Central Park

Under The Sheds — Mc Comb's Dam.

One Way Of Doing It.

SLEIGHING SKETCHES IN NEW YORK.

## DURABLE GLUE.

A very permanent and durable glue, which may be called chrome glue, is made by adding to a moderately concentrated solution of the glue one part of acid chromate of lime in solution to five parts of gelatine, this sort of chrome being thought better adapted to the purpose than bichromate of potash, which is usually used. The glue thus prepared, after being exposed to the light, becomes insoluble in water, in consequence of the partial reduction of the chromic acid.

This preparation can be used in cementing glass objects liable to be exposed to boiling water, the treatment being the ordinary one of applying the glue to both surfaces of the fractured object, and then binding them together until dry, and exposing them for a sufficient length of time to the light, after which boiling water will have no action upon them.

It is suggested that this preparation will be better adapted to cementing the covers on glass slides than any now in use. The same preparation can be applied for making fabrics waterproof, especially sails of ships, awnings, etc., where no great flexibility is necessary. Two or three applications of the glue, either by immersion of the object in it or by the use of a brush, will answer the purpose. Roofing paper is also rendered impervious, even when exposed to long-continued rains.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Since the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre there has been an intense interest manifested by the public in the various measures which have been suggested for the security of theatres and other public buildings. A novel and interesting experiment was recently tried at Wallack's Theatre, in this city, in the presence of a large number of invited spectators, among whom were Commissioners of the Fire Department and Inspectors of Public Buildings. It was a practical fire test applied to hanging scenery, which had been rendered incombustible by chemical solutions. Two painted canvas drop-scenes had been washed with a solution of tungstate of soda, and afterward with silicate of soda. A hose was attached to a gas pipe, and from a brass nozzle at the end a large flame was obtained, which was applied steadily to the scenes. The canvas did not ignite, but fell into black powder, making a circular hole in the drop-scene. Wood and rope, having been dipped in the solution, were held in the flame for nearly a minute, with no result more serious than the crisping of the part touched by the flame. The preparation which will thus render canvas, wood, etc., incombustible is cheap, easily prepared, and will not injure the canvas if not applied too strong. There would seem to be no reason, therefore, why there should be any inflammable material in connection with the scenery of any theatre. Such a simple and effectual safeguard against fire on the stage should be immediately and universally adopted.

There are various fancies and superstitions concerning Christmas, one of which is expressed as follows:

> "If Christmas-day on Monday be,
> A great winter that year you'll see,
> And full of winds both loud and shrill;
> But in summer, truth to tell,
> High winds shall there be and strong,
> Full of tempests lasting long;
> While battles they shall multiply,
> And great plenty of beasts shall die."

We have the opportunity this coming year of noting the truth of this poetic prediction.

It has been decided, in view of the destitution which prevails among the poor in this city, to re-establish the Free Dormitory for Women. This institution is one where a poor deserving woman can obtain comfortable temporary shelter. During the two years the dormitory was in existence it furnished beds, baths, and free medical attendance to nearly 15,000 women.

A large collection of Babylonian antiquities has recently been received at the British Museum. They consist chiefly of tablets, mortgage loans, promissory notes, records of the sale of lands, shares, and other commodities, representing, in fact, all the various commercial transactions of a Babylonian firm, which may be approximately described as Messrs. Gabi & Sons, bankers and financial agents. Many of the tablets represent the renewal of loans and mortgages, so that the documents referring to the first and the last of continuing transactions bear the dates of several different reigns. These dates extend from the fall of the Assyrian empire to the reign of Darius Hystaspes, and furnish very important chronological landmarks, and they are in many respects subversive of the recent chronology. The rate of interest current in Babylon on loans was generally ten per cent., and much light is thrown on the social life of the Babylonians from the circumstances that witnesses of deeds are always described by their trade or profession.

A great deal has been said of late respecting the high rates charged for seats at the opera in the larger cities of Europe. The first practical step in the matter has been taken in Vienna, where it has been announced that the price of a subscription for the season has been reduced one-third, including the nights when Madame Adelina Patti sings.

From a silver mine of considerable depth in Southern Utah petrified wood has been taken in which there is chloride of silver worth nearly $1000 a ton. The formation is sandstone, out of which horn-silver is taken. This shows that the deposit of silver was made subsequent to the surrounding of the wood by the sand that afterward became the sandstone.

One thousand and fifty-eight white and five hundred and sixteen colored persons died in Savannah from yellow fever during the prevalence of the epidemic.

The "Boston University Women's Educational Society"—rather a long name—is the title given to a recently organized society in connection with the Boston University, and has for its object the higher education of woman. Monthly parlor meetings will be held, at which the committee on meetings will provide addresses by distinguished educators, essays, foreign correspondence, etc. A corresponding secretary has been appointed, who will open communications with societies of like purpose in all parts of Europe. Not only is it contemplated to aid needy students by current loans or gifts, as they may need, but the constitution provides for the endowment of permanent scholarships, fellowships, travelling fellowships, loan funds, and also fellowships for original research, to be administered by the society. It is hoped by such means to create for young women facilities for highest education second in no respect to those which have been created for young men.

Nearly twenty thousand alligator skins are yearly used by the boot and shoe manufacturers in the United States. Only a portion of the hides are serviceable. These are packed in barrels, in strong brine, and shipped to the Northern tanner, who keeps them under treatment for from six to eight months, when they are ready for use. The skins formerly came almost entirely from Louisiana, and New Orleans was the great centre of the business. The Florida swamps and morasses are now the harvest fields, and Jacksonville, in that State, the great dépôt. The alligators often attain a length of eighteen to twenty feet, and frequently live to a very old age.

The English papers give an account of how two small cracked Sèvres vases were sold for twelve thousand dollars. These were owned by a French marquis, and having been accidentally broken, had been mended as carefully as possible. Being importuned by a visitor to sell them, he declined, but soon after received an urgent letter asking him to name any price. "Ask an impossible price—say, sixty thousand francs," suggested his steward. The marquis did so, and received a telegram saying, "The vases are mine; I am coming with the money." The purchaser speedily arrived and produced the right amount.

The marquis said, "I never go from my word; but I should like to know for whom you are buying."

"For Sir Richard Wallace. His collection of old Sèvres was incomplete. He had no rose-color."

Some years ago a family moved from Illinois to Colorado. Being favorably impressed with the country and hopeful for the future, they named the youngest daughter Great Prospects. Not long ago another daughter was born, and a name was found in a singular manner. The names of Illinois and Colorado were reversed, and the little one is now doomed to go through the world as Sionilli Odaroloc. In the mean time Great Prospects has grown to be of considerable size, and in this regard the family are probably realizing the faith implied by the naming. As yet, at least, there has appeared no cause for the reversal of the name, and she has only suffered by a diminution of her cognomen to the common word Specks.

The large bell in the Cologne Cathedral, made out of captured French cannon, is a failure. The tone is very unpleasant. It will not be used, and is named "The Silent Bell."

An opera-singer in Paris, having grown very stout, placed herself under the care of a physician, who promised to reduce her flesh by a process of kneading and pounding. The fair patient submitted to the unpleasant regimen no less than 235 times, without growing a particle thinner. She then left her physician, refusing to pay the full price demanded—ten francs an hour—but offering half the sum. The doctor then sued her for the full amount; but the court decided that as he had signally failed to accomplish the desired result, he was entitled to no pay at all.

The horse plague in Egypt has been very fatal. The death of 1800 army horses, and 2700 belonging to private persons, was reported up to the 1st of October. The disease is a kind of typhus fever, and death ensues in a few hours after the first attack. Stringent regulations have been issued by the government in regard to the isolation of the infected animals, and their burial.

When the Prince of Wales is in Paris he lives at the Hôtel Bristol, where his rooms are furnished in a style fashionable half a century ago. The dressing-room alone is an exception, and that is furnished in modern style, and provided with English luxuries. The landlord has repeatedly asked if the Prince would not prefer some change in his rooms, but he always says he likes the old style. He usually dines at some fashionable restaurant.

If small-pox can be cured by cream of tartar, it is time every body knew the fact. A correspondent of the Liverpool *Mercury* says that it is not only a never-failing remedy in the worst cases, but is also a preventive. The directions are to dissolve one ounce of cream of tartar in a pint of boiling water, and to drink, when cold, at short intervals. Not a very exact prescription, to be sure; but the remedy is so simple that it may be well worth trying. It is said that thousands have thus been cured, and that no marks of the disease remain.

A singular case of amateur surgery is reported from Austin, Illinois. A farmer fractured his leg, and, refusing to obtain medical aid, had his wife set the broken limb. He was in a fair way to recover, when, in attempting to descend a flight of stairs, he fell, breaking the same leg again. He still persisted in refusing to have a surgeon, and insisted that his wife should amputate the fractured member, which, strange to say, she did. The patient is doing well; but the query is, Won't he wish he had tried to save his limb?

The *Vinicole Moniteur* says that, according to all appearance, the wine crop of 1876 will be of average quantity, but remarkable for its quality. If the weather should favor it to the end, the yield may be from five to ten per cent. over the average; but if the temperature is unfavorable, there will be a diminution to the like extent; and the same remarks will apply to the quality. These estimates do not apply to any particular region, but to the whole of the wine-growing districts of France.

In Russia, when coffins are covered with cloth, the color of the covering is to a certain extent distinctive, pink being used when the deceased is a child or young person, crimson for women, and brown for widows; but black is in no case employed.

In all first-class hotels there is a regular system for the care of articles lost about the building, or left in the rooms by guests. These articles are registered and numbered. If the owner's residence is known, they are sent to him; if not, the property is held to his order. The New York *Times* states that in 1875 no less than 1038 different parcels of property were placed in the care of the Lost Department of the St. Nicholas Hotel, in this city. Very likely other hotels may have had even a greater number. Among these articles were some which it would seem almost impossible for their owners to forget—such as crutches, false teeth, and ear-trumpets. As to watches, rings, pencils, pistols, pocket-books, spectacles, combs, brushes, railroad tickets, opera-glasses, muffs, and garments of various kinds, there were plenty of them forgotten.

A remarkable cure of a case of membranous croup in New Haven in a little boy two years and nine months old is reported. The recovery of the child seemed impossible, and a surgical operation was decided upon. A hole was cut in the windpipe and a bent tube inserted. Inside of this tube was one of smaller size, the two being necessary in order to keep the one through which breathing was carried on free from the obstructions of blood and membrane which were given off in coughing. The tubes were in use from the Tuesday noon until the Thursday of the following week, and for five days the only nourishment administered to the patient was a little milk. His recovery is remarkable, considering the exhausting character of his disease; but perfect success attended the hazardous operation.

Princess Caroline of Denmark, who is eighty-three years old, is the oldest member of the English royal family. She is the granddaughter of the sister of George III.

An old piece of ordnance has recently been taken from the bed of the Penobscot River at Bangor, where it has lain in undisturbed repose for ninety-seven years. It is in a very good state of preservation, and passes into the hands of the Maine Historical Society for safe-keeping. In 1779 a portion of Commodore Saltonstall's fleet, designed for the recapture of Castine from the British, sailed up the Penobscot, and ten of his vessels were blown up at Bangor. During the war of 1812 some thirty cannon from this fleet were raised and performed service. The remainder have remained in the river until the recent recovery of the cannon referred to, which, as a historical relic, possesses more value than the junk-dealer would place on it.

There lives in London an old crossing sweeper, a cripple from birth, who was a pensioner of Charles Dickens. So long as Mr. Dickens lived he received a regular allowance, and never wanted food or lodging. He still frequents the square in which is Tavistock House, where the great novelist wrote many of his books. "Grace Greenwood" writes that while in London, not long ago, she stopped one day and talked to him of his "great friend." "His cheerful face clouded, yet glowed at once—'Yes, madam, I suppose he was great,' he said; 'but I only know he was good, and not at all proud. You see, it was a good deal for him to remember a poor fellow like me, when he had so many things to do and so much to think out. He was a great loss to me, he was. When I heard he was to be buried in Westminster Abbey, I walked all the way there, but they wouldn't let me in. I went another time, though, and found his grave, all by myself. He lies in a grand place; the country couldn't do more for a prince.'"

VIENNA ROLLS.

Full directions for making the celebrated Vienna Rolls, as made with the Royal Baking Powder at the Centennial, sent free. Address Royal Baking Powder Company, New York.—[*Com.*]

HOW MANY PERSONS,

Particularly those of sedentary habits, are constantly suffering from the effects of Indigestion and Dyspepsia, which they allow to go on unchecked until they are prostrated by a fatal attack of bilious or typhoid fever. To all desiring a speedy cure for Indigestion and Biliousness we can recommend that sovereign remedy, Schenck's Mandrake Pills. A trial will demonstrate the excellent remedial qualities of this great medicine. Sold by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.—*The Superiority of these extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.* They are warranted free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market.—[*Com.*]

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**$15 SHOT GUN**

A double-barrel gun, bar or front-action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, or no sale; with Flask, Pouch and a Wad Cutter, for $15. Can be sent C. O. D., with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to P. POWELL & SON, Gun Dealers, 238 Main Street, Cincinnati, O.

**POLLAK & CO.,**
Manufacturers of Meerschaum Pipes and Holders. Repairing, Boiling, &c.
**Wholesale and Retail.**
27 John St., N. Y. P.O. Box 5009.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

**FLORIDA BITTERS**

Are the Best Tonic and superior to any Imported Bitters. Try it. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers, and Wine Merchants.
**P.O. 4287. CLARK & HOYT, N. Y.**

**Young America Press Co.,**
53 Murray St., New York,
the oldest house in the country in the business, sell the **cheapest and best hand and self-inking printing presses.** Our new self-inkers are acknowledged the best ever made. We sell a very good press for TWO DOLLARS, and a miniature printing office, with press, type, &c. for FIVE DOLLARS. A SPLENDID HOLIDAY PRESENT.
Circulars free. Specimen Book of Type, Cuts, &c. ten cents.

**THE CLIMAX CLOTHES WRINGER**

Has a *Purchase Gear* which causes it *to turn with half the labor* that is required in turning any wringer *that has cog-wheels* of the *same size on both rolls.*
N. B. PHELPS, Sole Agent, 102 Chambers St., N. Y.

**C. STEHR,** Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome Street.** Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

**Valentines! Novelties!!** Send for TRADE-LIST.
**A. J. FISHER, 98 Nassau Street, N. Y.**

**RARE AND FINE ENGRAVINGS.**
Address F. KEPPEL, 66 Beekman Street, New York.

**VICK'S ILLUSTRATED PRICED CATALOGUE**

Fifty pages—300 Illustrations, with Descriptions of thousands of the best Flowers and Vegetables in the world, and *the way to grow them*—all for a Two-Cent postage stamp. Printed in German and English.
**Vick's Floral Guide,** Quarterly, 25 cents a year.
**Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden,** 50 cents in paper; in elegant cloth covers, $1 00.
Address JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

*A Home School and College.*
**S. CLEMENT'S HALL,**
**ELLICOTT CITY, Near Baltimore, Md.**
This old established Grammar School has unusual advantages. The Schools of Letters and of Science of the College proper are now open. Every home comfort. Experienced professors. Graduates take high rank. For circular, address
CHARLES A. De M. SPENCER, Ph.D., Head Master.

**DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET,**
**With Skirt Supporter and Self-Adjusting Pads,**

Secures Health and Comfort of Body. with Grace and Beauty of Form, Three garments in one. Approved by all physicians. **Agents Wanted.** Samples by mail, in London cord, $2; Satteen, $1 75. To Agents at 25c. less. Order size two inches smaller than waist measure over the dress.
**Warner Bro's, 763 Broadway, N.Y.**

**MEDICINE RENDERED USELESS.**

Pulvermacher's Electro-Galvanic Chain Belts and Bands are indorsed by the most eminent Physicians of Europe and America.
**For the Self-cure of Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Spinal Disease, Epilepsy, Female Complaints, Diseases of Men, Lost Health, Decline, Nervous and General Debility, Neuralgic, Gouty, or Sciatic Aches & Pains, and other Chronic Diseases of the Head, Chest, Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Blood.**
Pulvermacher's Belts, Bands, etc., received the **only award** of merit for Electric Appliances at the great World's Exhibitions, Philadelphia, Paris and Vienna, and may be relied on as the most valuable, simple, safe and effective curative means known to medical science.
☞ **Avoid bogus Belts, Bands, &c.**
☞ **Pulvermacher's alone are genuine.**
Pamphlet with full particulars mailed free. Address,
**PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO.**
212 Broadway, New York, or 292 Vine St., Cincinnati, O.

**Cut Paper Patterns**
OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
IN
**HARPER'S BAZAR.**

These Patterns are Graded to Fit any Figure, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. Printed Directions accompany each Suit. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Suit Patterns are now ready:

*Vol. IX.*

| | |
|---|---|
| GIRL'S LINGERIE, Gabrielle Wrapper, Under-Waist, Sacque Night-gown, Sacque Chemise, and Closed Drawers (for girl from 5 to 15 years old) | No. 1 |
| PRINCESSE POLONAISE, with Demi-Trained Skirt | " 4 |
| BLOUSE BASQUE, La Boiteuse Over-skirt and Full-Trained Skirt | " 10 |
| CAMBRIC POLONAISE WALKING SUIT | " 12 |
| CONTINENTAL BASQUE, Long, Round Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt | " 12 |
| LAFAYETTE SACQUE, Drapery Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt | " 14 |
| CORSET BASQUE, Burnous Over-skirt with Parasol Pocket, and Walking Skirt | " 18 |
| "SEVENTY-SIX" POLONAISE WALKING SUIT | " 20 |
| LA BOITEUSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT | " 22 |
| POLONAISE BUTTONED BEHIND, with Long Walking Skirt | " 22 |
| SCARF MANTLE, Long Apron, and Demi-Trained Skirt | " 24 |
| CENTENNIAL WALKING SUIT (Cuirass Basque, Pouf Over-skirt with Châtelaine Pocket, and Long Walking Skirt) | " 30 |
| PLEATED MUSLIN SUIT (Basque, Over-skirt, and Lower Skirt) | " 32 |
| LOW DRAPED POLONAISE, and Demi-Trained Skirt | " 41 |
| GLOVE-FITTING BASQUE, Low Draped Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt | " 43 |
| EXPOSITION POLONAISE, and Full-Trained Skirt | " 43 |
| LADY WASHINGTON BASQUE, Princesse Apron, and Fan-Trained Skirt | " 44 |
| LONG DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, Over-skirt with Diagonal Front, and Walking Skirt | " 44 |
| DIAGONAL POLONAISE, and Demi-Trained Skirt | " 46 |
| SINGLE-BREASTED COAT, Favorite Over-skirt, and Long Walking Skirt | " 46 |
| PLASTRON BASQUE, Boiteuse Over-skirt, and Trained Skirt | " 46 |
| DOLMAN, Long, Pointed Over-skirt, and Long Walking Skirt | " 48 |
| LADY'S ULSTER, with Russian Hood | " 50 |
| BOY'S WARDROBE, Ulster, Pleated Frock, Shirt Waist, Vest, and Knee Pantaloons (for boy from 4 to 9 years old) | " 50 |
| SINGLE-BREASTED SQUARE COAT, Fan Over-skirt, and Demi Fan-Trained Skirt | " 52 |

The Publishers will send either Suit by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Suits will be sent for $2 00. Parties ordering from the British Provinces will please remit Ten Cents extra for postage on each Suit. No Suits separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

**$10 TO $500 INVESTED IN WALL ST.** often leads to wealth. A 72-page Book, explaining every thing, and copy of the *WALL STREET REVIEW* SENT FREE. JOHN HICKLING & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 72 Broadway, New York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

**THE MOST EMINENT living authors, such as Prof. Max Muller, Prof. Tyndall, Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Prof. Huxley, R. A. Proctor, Frances Power Cobbe, The Duke of Argyll, Jas. A. Froude, Mrs. Muloch, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Alexander, Miss Thackeray, Jean Ingelow, George MacDonald, Wm. Black, Anthony Trollope, Matthew Arnold, Henry Kingsley, W. W. Story, Ruskin, Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning,** and many others are represented in the pages of

## LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Jan. 1, 1877, THE LIVING AGE enters upon its **132d** volume. During the year it will furnish to its readers the productions of the foremost authors **above named and many others;** embracing the choicest Serial and Short Stories by the

**LEADING FOREIGN NOVELISTS,**

and an amount *unapproached by any other periodical in the world*, of the most valuable literary and scientific matter of the day, from the pens of the **leading Essayists, Scientists, Critics, Discoverers, and Editors,** representing every department of Knowledge and Progress.

THE LIVING AGE (in which **"EVERY SATURDAY"** has been merged), is a *weekly magazine* giving more than

**Three and a Quarter Thousand**

double column octavo pages of reading-matter yearly. It presents in an inexpensive form, considering its amount of matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a **Satisfactory Completeness** attempted by no other publication, the best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Tales, Sketches of Travel and Discovery, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political Information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature, and from the pens of

**THE ABLEST LIVING WRITERS.**

*"A pure and perpetual reservoir and fountain of entertainment and instruction."*—HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

*"The best periodical in America."*—REV. DR. CUYLER.

*"Fairly without a rival."*—CONGREGATIONALIST, Boston.

*"It reproduces the best thoughts of the best minds of the civilized world upon all topics of living interest."*—PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER.

*"The choicest literature of the day."*—N. Y. TRIBUNE.

*"Every weekly number of the 'Living Age' now-a-days is equal to a first-class monthly. For solid merit, it is the cheapest magazine in the land."*—THE ADVANCE, Chicago.

*"With it alone a reader may fairly keep up with all that is important in the literature, history, politics, and science of the day."*—THE METHODIST, New York.

*"Indispensable to every one who desires a thorough compendium of all that is admirable and noteworthy in the literary world."*—BOSTON POST.

*"Ought to find a place in every American home."*—NEW YORK TIMES.

☞ Now is the time to subscribe, beginning with the *New Year.*

Published WEEKLY at $8 00 a year, *free of postage;* or, for $10 50 THE LIVING AGE and *either one* of the American $4 00 Monthlies (or *Harper's Weekly* or *Bazar*) will be sent for a year, *both postpaid;* or, for $9 50 THE LIVING AGE and Scribner's *St. Nicholas* or *Appleton's Journal.*

**☞ EXTRA OFFER FOR 1877. ☜**

To all new subscribers for 1877 will be sent *gratis* the six numbers of 1876, containing, with other valuable matter, the first installments of a new and powerful serial story, "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE," by **GEORGE MACDONALD,** now appearing in THE LIVING AGE from advance sheets.

Address **LITTELL & GAY, Boston.**

---

## MAILED FREE FLORAL GUIDE

Contains over **1,200** varieties **Vegetable and Flower Seeds. COLORED PLATES.** Elegant wood-cuts of vegetables and flowers. **Handsomest Guide Published!** ☞ Send for it.

**DETROIT SEED CO., Detroit, Mich.**

---

### IMPORTANT TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

## ELIJAH THE PROPHET.

By Rev. WM. M. TAYLOR, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF "DAVID KING OF ISRAEL," "PETER THE APOSTLE," ETC.

**12mo, Cloth, $1 50.**

As the first quarter of the International Lessons for 1877 is occupied entirely with the history of the prophet, the above work is commended to Sunday-school Teachers as one of the most available helps to its study. From a large number of similar notices we select the following:

His delineation of the character and history of the grand old Hebrew prophet is intensely graphic and life-like; while in his adaptation of the history to practical uses he manifests an originality and fervor of thought which enables him to evolve the most weighty and spiritual lessons from the successive scenes.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

The expositions of Scripture are simple and thorough, often revealing points in the sacred narrative that would escape the special notice of ordinary readers, and bringing out the salient points with a vividness and power that mark the discourses with decided originality.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A great deal of labor lies concealed beneath the surface of these flowing and suggestive narratives, the extent of which few can understand, but into the fruit of which, we trust, a great many will enter.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

There are many books on the life of Elijah, but we prefer Dr. Taylor's to all or any of them. He has, we think, a truer insight into the meaning of his text, keeps more rigidly within the limits it prescribes, and shows a greater directness in its application.—*The Freeman*, London.

**Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

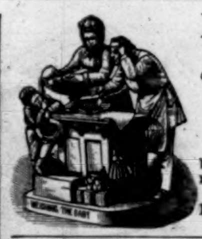
☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

---

25 **Extra Fine Mixed Cards,** with name, 10 cts., postpaid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

**CAMP LOUNGE Co.,** NORWALK, CONN. ($12, $4, and $5. Cuts free. Sold by N. Y. Sporting trade.)

---



## Rogers' Statuary

**$10 and upward.**

**'WEIGHING THE BABY.'**

*A New Group.*

**Price $15.**

Illustrated Catalogues can be had on application, or mailed, by inclosing 10c. to

**JOHN ROGERS,**
**1155 Broadway,**
**Cor. 27th St., N. Y.**

---

## FERRILUDE

A CHARMING AND INSTRUCTIVE AMUSEMENT FOR THE FAMILY AND SOCIAL CIRCLE. VERY POPULAR. SEND FIFTY CENTS FOR IT, AND THREE CT. STAMP FOR FULL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF ALL OUR PARLOR GAMES.

NOYES, SNOW & COMPANY,
WORCESTER, MASS.
Successors to West & Lee Game Co.

---

## F. J. KALDENBERG,

MANUFACTURER OF
**MEERSCHAUM PIPES,**
Cigar-Holders, &c.
Wholesale and Retail. Received First Prize at the Centennial.
Send for Illustrated Price-List.

STORES: { **117 Fulton St.,** / **6 Astor House** (B'WAY), } New York.

---

## 1877.

Postage Free.

### NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE TO

## HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

The success of Harper's periodicals is among the remarkable facts of the publishing business of this or any other age or country.—*Christian Advocate*, N. Y.

Of these standard publications it is not necessary to say more than that each resumes in itself the history and progress of the time in a certain department; one containing the cream of current literature, a second preserving and illustrating all events of importance the world over, the third anticipating fickle fashion and chronicling its changes, and all commending themselves equally to the reader, no matter of what sex, age, or condition.—*N. Y. World.*

## Harper's Magazine.

That *Harper's Magazine* has become a literary institution and an educator of the people a half million of readers know to-day.—*Boston Transcript.*

## Harper's Weekly

*Harper's Weekly* should be in every family throughout the land, as a purer, more interesting, higher-toned, better-illustrated paper is not published in this or any other country.—*Commercial Bulletin*, Boston.

## Harper's Bazar.

The ladies best appreciate the merits of the *Bazar*, a weekly devoted entirely to their interests in all its various departments of literature, fashion, and domestic arts. It is an admirably conducted illustrated paper, containing essays, editorials, stories, and general information of a superior order.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## Harper's Magazine, Weekly, & Bazar.

*One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States or Canada, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: Postage free.

*An Extra Copy of either the* MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: Postage free.*

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

*Harper's Weekly.*—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

*Harper's Bazar.*—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

---

**CENTENNIAL SLIDES READY.**

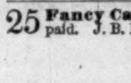
MAGIC LANTERNS — SLIDES WANTED
ALSO FOR SALE
THEO J HARBACH PHILADA PA

☞ Send for Catalogues. ☜

---

**SMOKY CHIMNEYS** } cured, fuel saved, and heat increased by applying the Spiral Draft. Send stamp for circular (with testimonials) to **HENRY COLFORD, 726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.**

---



**$5 'UNCLE SAM' PRESS.**

Chase 3¼ x 5¾, Outfit, 4 styles type, &c., $5. $5 'Best' Self-Inking, with outfit, $6 50. $7 'Best' Press No. 2, with outfit, $10. $45 Evans Jobber. Stamp for Catalogue. W. C. EVANS, 50 North 9th St., Phila.

---

25 **Fancy Cards,** 15 styles, with name, 10c., postpaid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Renns. Co., N. Y.

---

## D. M. FERRY & CO'S NEW ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE AND PRICED SEED ANNUAL 1877

Will be mailed to all applicants on receipt of **25** cts. This is one of the largest CATALOGUES published, contains about 250 pages, over 600 fine engravings, two elegant colored plates, and gives full descriptions, prices and directions for planting over 1200 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Bedding Plants, Roses, &c., and is invaluable to Farmer, Gardener & Florist. Address,

**D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.**

Our Abridged Priced Catalogue FREE to all Applicants.

---

## Do Your Own Printing

*NO TYPE SETTING! NO TROUBLE! NO EXPENSE! except for ink and paper, after procuring one of GOLDING & CO.'S OFFICIAL PRESSES, and an Electrotype for printing Labels, Billheads, Cards, Circulars.* **Outfits from $1 up** *Send 3c stamp for Illustrated Catalogue of Presses, Tools, Type, etc.* **GOLDING & CO., Manuf's, Fort Hill Sq, Boston.**

---

**Breech-Loading Rifle, $7.50.**

**Revolvers,** 7-Shot, **$3 00.** English Double Shot-Gun, **$12 00.** Send for Circular.

**HOMER FISHER, 260 Broadway, N. Y.**

---

### OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE CENTEN'L EXHIBITION

It sells faster than any other book. One agent sold 34 copies in one day. This is the only authentic and complete history published. Send for our extra terms to Agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila., Pa.

---

**BUSINESS, PLEASURE, MEN, BOYS**

Buy the **SELF-INKING Columbian, Strongest, Cheapest, Best,** will do the work of a $250 press. 4x6, $14; 5x7¾, $27; 6x9, $37; 8x12, $60. Good Card Press, type, roller, ink, &c., $5. Send stamp for catalogue to Curtis & Mitchell, Type Founders, No. 21 Brattle St., Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

---

### A BOOK FOR THE CRISIS.

## Politics for Young Americans.

By CHARLES NORDHOFF,

Author of
"The Communistic Societies of the United States," "Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands," "California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence," &c.

**12mo, Cloth, $1 25.**

Mr. Nordhoff has done a manly and beneficent work in the preparation of this book, which wise men of all parties will be glad to see their young people studying closely and understandingly.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

It is a book that should be in the hand of every American boy and girl. This book of Mr. Nordhoff's might be learned by heart. Each word has its value. Each enumerated section has its pith. It is a complete system of political science, economical and other, as applied to our American system.—*N. Y. Herald.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $1 25.*

---

**10 ROSES MAILED FREE FOR $1**

Splendid assortment of Plants sent safely by express or mail, any distance. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send 3 cent stamp for catalogue. Address,

**R. C. HANFORD & SON,**
Columbus Nursery, Columbus, Ohio.

---

**$25.**—Polished Granite Monuments, from $25, free on board ship for any part of America. Inscriptions accurate and beautiful. Plans and prices free. Address JOHN W. LEGGE, Sculptor, Aberdeen, Scotland.

---

**Allen's Planet Jr. Silver Medal**

**Hand Seed Drills and Wheel Hoes have received** Three important Medals. *Every Farmer needs a copy of our full descriptive Price List, and we want an Agent, or Club in every Town.* S. L. ALLEN & CO., 119 So. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

---

**Imitation Gold Watches**

$15, $20 and $25 each. Chains $2 to $12, to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent C. O. D., by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696

---

**WANTED** Salesmen to sell light Hardware to *dealers.* No PEDDLING. Salary, $1200 a year. Hotel and traveling expenses paid. Address DEFIANCE M'F'G' CO., Chicago, Ill.

---

**YES YES** **We want** an Agent in every town. Easy work at home. Write now and we will start you. $8 a day sure to all. SIMPSON & SMITH, 64 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

---

Portraits, &c., drawn by machinery. Apparatus, with instructions, by mail, only 50c. Agents wanted. SMITHOGRAPH MFG. Co., 614 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

---

**$350 A MONTH.**—Agents wanted. 36 Best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address **J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.**

---

**LOOK 3 NEW** Novelties **Just Out.** *One Agent only* in each Town. Terms and Territory **free.** M'F'G CO., 2 Clinton Place, New York.

---

**$39** Each week to Agents. Goods Staple. 10,000 testimonials received. Terms liberal. Particulars free. J. WORTH & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

---

**WANTED! SALESMEN** at a salary of **$1200** a year to travel and sell goods to **Dealers. NO PEDDLING.** Hotel and traveling expenses paid. Address, MONITOR MANUFACTURING Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

---

ILL. CATALOGUE of articles for **free.** BOSTON NOVELTY Co., Mass. **AGENTS**

---

**$5 to $20** per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

---

ENCLOSE st'mp to Dr. Dodge, Planters H'se, St. Louis, Mo., for Cardiac Articles as published in Chr. Times.

---

## HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

**THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS.** With a Study of the Relations of Living and Extinct Faunas as Elucidating the Past Changes of the Earth's Surface. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, Author of the "Malay Archipelago," &c. In Two Volumes. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $10 00.

II.

**PRACTICAL COOKING AND DINNER GIVING.** A Treatise containing Practical Instructions in Cooking; in the Combination and Serving of Dishes; and in the Fashionable Modes of Entertaining at Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner. By MRS. MARY F. HENDERSON. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

III.

**THE POETS AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND.** The Poets and Poetry of Scotland: from the Earliest to the Present Time. Comprising Characteristic Selections from the Works of the more Noteworthy Scottish Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices. By JAMES GRANT WILSON. With Portraits on Steel. 2 volumes, 8vo, Cloth, $10 00; Half Calf, $14 00; Full Morocco, $18 00.

IV.

**THE LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.** The Life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. By CHARLES DUKE YONGE, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

V.

**THE LIFE OF JOHN LOCKE.** By H. R. FOX BOURNE. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, uncut edges and gilt tops, $5 00.

VI.

**THE BOYS OF '76:** a History of the Battles of the Revolution. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

VII.

**COLERIDGE'S ANCIENT MARINER.** The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Illustrated by GUSTAVE DORÉ. A magnificently illustrated and sumptuous volume. Folio, Cloth, $10 00.

VIII.

**THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.** A Review of American Progress. By Rev. THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, D.D., LL.D.; F. A. P. BARNARD, LL.D.; Hon. DAVID A. WELLS; Hon. FRANCIS A. WALKER; Prof. T. STERRY HUNT; Prof. WILLIAM G. SUMNER; EDWARD ATKINSON; Prof. THEODORE GILL; EDWIN P. WHIPPLE; Prof. W. H. BREWER; EUGENE LAWRENCE; The Rev. JOHN F. HURST, D.D.; BENJAMIN VAUGHAN ABBOTT; AUSTIN FLINT, M.D.; S. S. CONANT; EDWARD H. KNIGHT; and CHARLES L. BRACE. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $5 50; Half Morocco, $7 25.

IX.

**MACAULAY'S LIFE AND LETTERS.** The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay. By his Nephew, G. OTTO TREVELYAN, M.P. With Portrait on Steel. Complete in 2 vols. 8vo, Cloth, uncut edges and gilt tops, $5 00; Sheep, $6 00; Half Calf, $9 50; Tree Calf, $15 00.

X.

**YOUNG FOLKS' CENTENNIAL RHYMES.** By WILL CARLETON, Author of "Farm Ballads" and "Farm Legends." Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Illuminated Cover, $1 50.

## THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

**HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

**MADCAP VIOLET.** A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," "A Princess of Thule," "A Daughter of Heth," "The Monarch of Mincing Lane," "Kilmeny," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

**JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.** A Novel. By MISS M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Aurora Floyd," "A Strange World," "John Marchmont's Legacy," "Fenton's Quest," "Birds of Prey," "Dead Men's Shoes," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

**SHADOWS ON THE SNOW.** A Christmas Story. By B. L. FARJEON, Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "An Island Pearl," "Grif," "The Duchess of Rosemary Lane," "Joshua Marvel," &c. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.

**AZALEA.** A Novel. By CECIL CLAYTON. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

**THE ARUNDEL MOTTO.** A Novel. By MARY CECIL HAY, Author of "Old Myddelton's Money," "Victor and Vanquished," "The Squire's Legacy," "Hidden Perils," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

**A LONG TIME AGO.** A Novel. By META ORRED. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

**THE LAUREL BUSH.** An Old-fashioned Love Story. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents; 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

**DANIEL DERONDA.** A Novel. By GEORGE ELIOT. Library Edition, 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 00; Popular Edition in one volume, 8vo, Paper, $1 50.

**THE TWO DESTINIES.** A Romance. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "Moonstone," "Man and Wife," "Armadale," &c., &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail or express, postage or freight prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Ten Cents.*

**HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.**

---

**A NEW DEPARTURE.** TRAVELING and local salesmen wanted. STAPLE GOODS. NO PEDDLING. Salary $75 a month. Hotel and traveling expenses paid. S. A. GRANT & CO., manufacturers of ENVELOPES and PAPER, 2, 4, 6 and 8 Home St., CINCINNATI, OHIO

---

**$3 WATCHES.** Cheapest in the known world. *Sample watch and outfit free to Agents.* For terms, address COULTER & CO., Chicago.

---

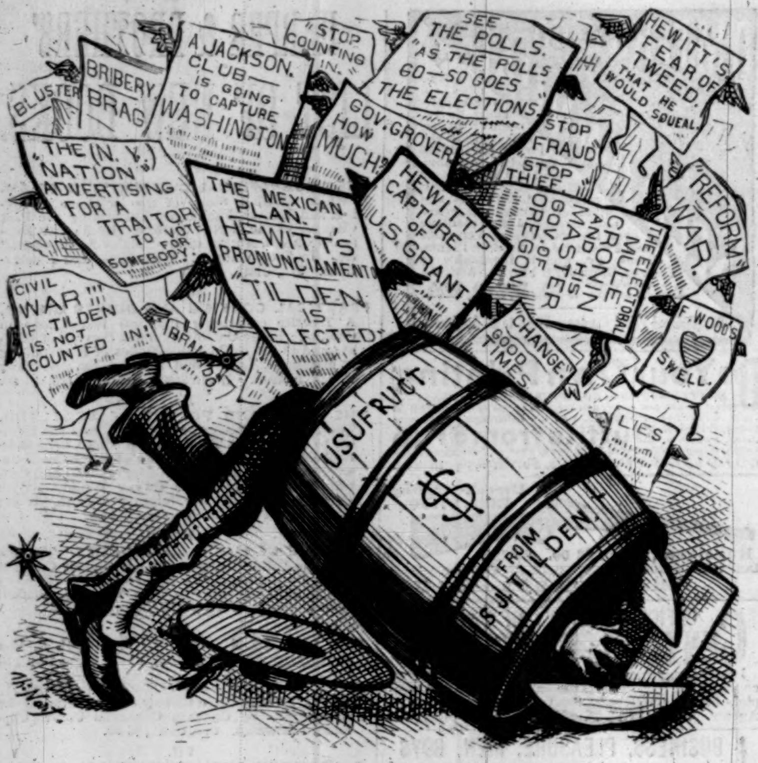
**$55 to $77** A Week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

---

**$66** a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

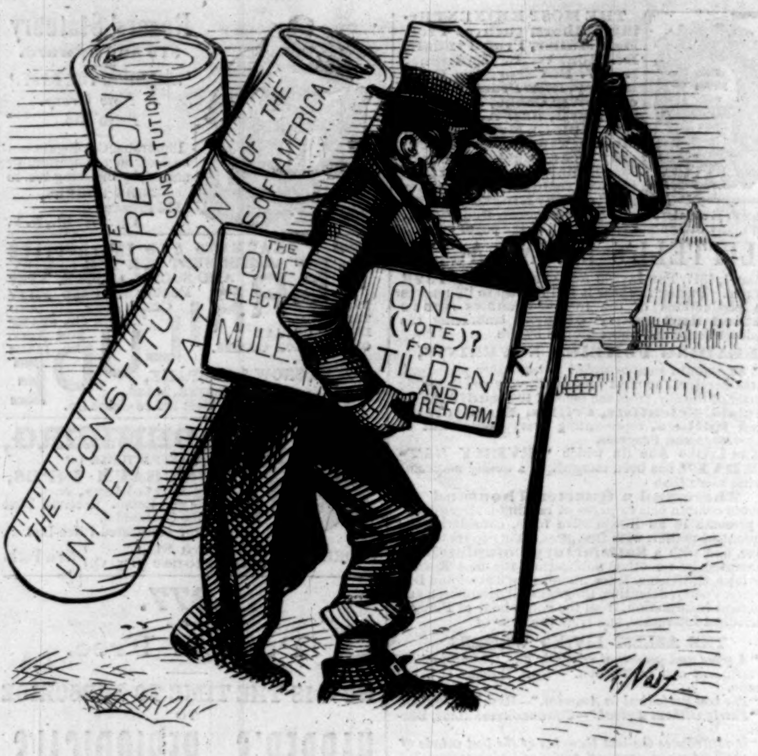
---

**$12** a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.


BLUSTER
BRIBERY
BRAG
A JACKSON. CLUB— IS GOING TO CAPTURE WASHINGTON
"STOP COUNTING IN."
SEE THE POLLS. "AS THE POLLS GO—SO GOES THE ELECTIONS."
HEWITT'S FEAR OF TWEED, THAT HE WOULD SQUEAL.
"THE (N. Y.) NATION" ADVERTISING FOR A TRAITOR TO VOTE FOR SOMEBODY.
GOV. GROVER HOW MUCH?
STOP FRAUD
STOP THIEF
THE MEXICAN PLAN. HEWITT'S PRONUNCIAMENTO "TILDEN IS ELECTED"
HEWITT'S CAPTURE OF U.S. GRANT
THE ELECTORAL MULE CRONIN AND HIS MASTER GOV. OF OREGON.
"REFORM" WAR.
"CIVIL WAR"!!! IF TILDEN IS NOT COUNTED IN!
BRAVADO
"CHANGE"
GOOD TIMES
F. WOOD'S SWELL.
LIES.
USUFRUCT
$
FROM S. J. TILDEN
Th. Nast

**THE BOTTOM OUT.**

But the Mexican Guerilla HEWITT still hunting.


THE OREGON CONSTITUTION.
THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
THE ONE ELECTORAL MULE.
ONE (VOTE)? FOR TILDEN AND REFORM.
REFORM
Th. Nast

**CRONIN "ORGANIZED HIMSELF."**

Sketched from descriptions of newspaper reporters.

ESTABLISHED 1820.

C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS

Removed from 502--504 Broadway to

184 Fifth Avenue,

(FORMERLY THE OLD STAND, 46 MAIDEN LANE),

FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

Solicit inspection of their Stock of

SEAL SACQUES,

FUR-LINED GARMENTS,

FUR TRIMMINGS,

ROBES, CAPS, AND GLOVES,

of Choice Styles and qualities,

AND AT LOW PRICES.

184 Fifth Avenue,

Broadway & 23d St.

UNION ADAMS

MANUFACTURES TO ORDER

Fine Shirts, Collars, & Drawers

847 BROADWAY.

THE

MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

F. S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

ISSUES EVERY APPROVED DESCRIPTION OF

LIFE AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES

ON TERMS AS FAVORABLE AS THOSE OF ANY OTHER COMPANY.

ORGANIZED APRIL 12TH 1842.

CASH ASSETS OVER $80,000,000.

MARVIN

SAFE & SCALE CO

265 BROADWAY.

→SEND FOR ESTIMATES.←

THE CURIOSITY BOX.

A new wonder. *Made with over* **10,000** *separate pieces fo metal!* Sample by mail to any address, 10 cents; three for 25 cents. Agents wanted. **GLOBE BOX CO., 258 Broadway, New York.**

First Premium

Awarded by CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION to

Electro-Silicon

The best article for Cleaning & Polishing Silverware, Household Utensils, &c.

**COFFIN, REDINGTON, & CO., No. 9 Gold St., N. Y.**

CENTENNIAL VIEWS for GRAPHOSCOPE, STEREOSCOPE, and LANTERN. Largest assortment of Lanterns and Slides in the U. S. Headquarters for every thing Photographic. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 Broadway, N. Y.

Babbitt's Toilet Soap.

TRADE MARK BABBITT'S TOILET SOAP

Unrivaled for the toilet and the bath. No artificial and deceptive odors to cover common and deleterious ingredients. After years of scientific experiment the manufacturer of B. T. Babbitt's Best Soap has perfected and now offers to the public

**The Finest Toilet Soap in the World.**

*Only the purest vegetable oils used in its manufacture.*

**For Use in the Nursery it has No Equal.**

Worth ten times its cost to every mother and family in Christendom. Sample box, containing 3 cakes of 6 ozs. each, sent free to any address on receipt of 75 cents. Address

**B. T. BABBITT, New York City.**

☞ For Sale by all Druggists. ☜

PECK & SNYDER'S

American Club Skate.

Still Ahead.

PRICE-LIST.

No. 1.—With Blued Footplate and Runners the same as the best.......$5 00

No. 2.—Same as No. 1, only nicely Nickel Plated, effectually prevents the skate from rusting... 6 00

No. 3.—Same as No. 2, only before the skate is put together each part is finely Polished and heavily Nickel Plated, the finest skate ever offered. 8 00

Enclose 10c. for new Holiday Catalogue, 175 Ill's.

Address **PECK & SNYDER, 126 Nassau St., N. Y.**

FISHERMEN!

TWINES AND NETTING,

MANUFACTURED BY

**WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,** Baltimore, Md.

☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

Harper's European Guide-Books,

PUBLISHED YEARLY IN 3 VOLS.

PRICE, $3 00 PER VOL.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME, $7 00.

Vol. I. Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Holland.

Vol. II. Germany, Austria, Italy, and the East.

Vol. III. Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Spain.

☞ *The Vols. Sold Separately, and either of them sent by mail on receipt of Three Dollars.*

**HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK,** in English, French, German, and Italian. Price, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

MARCY'S SCIOPTICON,

With new, improved and cheapened

MAGIC LANTERN SLIDES.

For Homes, Sunday-schools and Lecture-rooms it stands UNRIVALLED.

Brilliant and easy to show

Circulars of SPECIAL Offer free.

Sciopticon Manual (5th Ed.) 50 cts.

L. J. MARCY, 1340 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TURF FIELD AND FARM

WITHOUT A RIVAL!!!

A WEEKLY REVIEW AND CHRONICLE OF THE

**Turf, Field, and Aquatic Sports,**

AGRICULTURE, ART, SCIENCE, LITERATURE, CHESS, DRAUGHTS, BILLIARDS, VETERINARY, SHOOTING, FISHING, TRAPPING, ATHLETIC PASTIMES, NATURAL HISTORY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

Published every Friday by the

TURF, FIELD, AND FARM ASSOCIATION,

Office 37 Park Row, New York.

WALLACE'S

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS.

The Geographical Distribution of Animals. With a Study of the Relations of Living and Extinct Faunas as Elucidating the Past Changes of the Earth's Surface. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, Author of the "Malay Archipelago," &c. In Two Volumes. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $10 00.

The result of Mr. Wallace's labors is a book which contains the most valuable information industriously put together, and certain to be of the highest importance to the zoological student.—*Athenæum*, London.

An important and long-expected contribution to the science of zoology has been made by Mr. Wallace, who shares with Mr. Darwin the merit of calling attention to the mutability of species under certain conditions, and produced, a few years ago, a delightful book on the Malay Archipelago. "The Geographical Distribution of Animals" is a masterly attempt to face the difficulties which beset any explanation of the strange and apparently capricious manner in which animal life is scattered over the world. * * * Whatever may be the opinion of the reader as to the generalizations and theories advanced in the two handsome volumes under consideration, there can be no doubt as to the painstaking accuracy and scientific skill with which the enormous array of facts has been marshaled. With a truly philosophic spirit, Mr. Wallace writes less in the tone of an advocate than an inquirer, and in a style at once picturesque and intelligible to all who have the slightest rudimentary knowledge of the vast subject to which he has devoted so much labor.—*Daily News*, London.

These full and handsome volumes tell at first sight how great a change has come in the relations of scientific men to the general public; for, rich in scientific learning as they are, they are evidently intended to attract and reward the attention of thoughtful readers in general by the union of literary and artistic merit with professional knowledge. * * * We leave our studies of these rich volumes with gratitude to the author for the mine of new facts and instruction.—*N. Y. Times.*

Mr. Wallace has already registered many claims on the gratitude of naturalists present and future. In their interest he has explored the tropics of the East and the wilderness of the West, and has brought home numberless novelties. He has written one of the best and most instructive books of naturalists' travels ever yet issued. He was, as is well known, the joint inventor with Mr. Darwin of the theory of "Natural Selection." But beyond all these scientific feats—and they are no mean ones—he has accomplished a task that will extend his fame even more widely among those who love science, as the author of the first sound treatise on zoological geography.—*Nature*, London.

No fitter author could have been found for this gigantic undertaking than he who divides with Mr. Darwin the honor of being the apostle of the doctrine of natural selection; and Mr. Wallace's name is in itself a guarantee that this difficult subject will be handled in the broadest and most comprehensive manner. * * * The non-scientific reader need have no fears of finding in these pages nothing but dry details, suitable only for the student; on the contrary, the style is so flowing and the language so clear that the work may be enjoyed by any person of ordinary education, while it must be read with attention by every one who is desirous of keeping up with the march of general knowledge in the present day.—*Field*, London.

To Mr. Wallace we are largely indebted for the momentous changes that have been brought about in our knowledge of animals and plants. From his youth he has been an industrious observer, a diligent student of Nature, and an original explorer in regions seldom visited by naturalists; and while general readers have to thank him for some of the most charmingly written books of travel that we possess, by scientific men he is respected as the joint originator, with Mr. Darwin, of the theory of "Natural Selection," and as one of the foremost and most original of modern zoologists. It would not, therefore, be easy to estimate too highly the importance and value of a work like the present, in which Mr. Wallace has given us the results of his long experience in research and observation, and in which he has used this superabundance of materials to lay the foundations of the various new departments of knowledge, to which a more enlightened study of zoology and geography is rapidly leading us. * * * To naturalists Mr. Wallace's book needs no recommendation. To the general reader it may and ought to be commended for its intrinsic value, and for the enormous mass of interesting information which it gives.—*Examiner*, London.

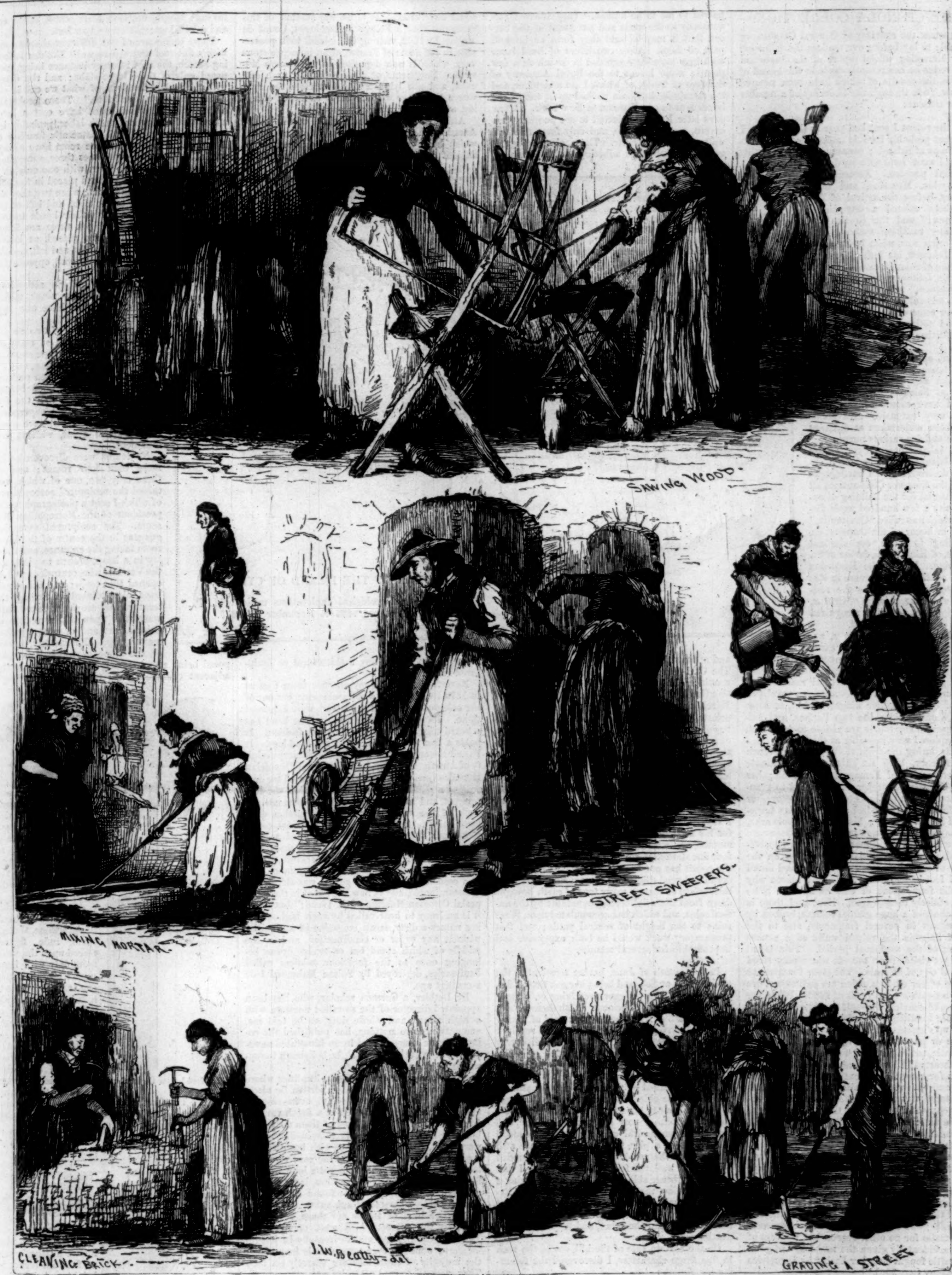
Mr. Wallace has brought out a work that places his fame on a permanent basis, and which entitles him to the warmest admiration and the lasting gratitude of all lovers of truth and intelligence. The amount of valuable matter he has here brought together, classifying and arranging it in the most correct and orderly manner, is something that does not merely border on the marvelous, for it *is* marvelous.—*Boston Traveller.*

The regular student of zoology will find a great deal more in this book than we have noticed. Along with the distribution of mammalia, Mr. Wallace describes that of birds. It exhibits many curious and interesting peculiarities, which are to be explained and reconciled with the general scheme. An account is also furnished, in each region and subregion, of the reptiles, fishes, insects, and mollusks, but these are less relied upon for proofs of the argument. In his "Geographical Zoology," which occupies much of the second volume, the author supplies for reference a systematic revision of all the families and genera of the vertebrate classes, and some groups of insects and mollusks, with their local distribution, forming a counterpart to the main subject of his book. A chapter on the means of dispersion and migration, which most readers will find only too short, is prefixed to the history of the zoological regions. But Mr. Wallace's labors can not fail to be highly useful, and what he shows us is not less delightful, apart from its value as a contribution to the "Darwinian" theory.—*Saturday Review*, London.

Mr. Wallace has made every lover of natural history his debtor for the first great work on zoology that may be studied with unflagging interest. He has robed the subject in garments of truth and made it a profitable and delightful study. He has to a very great extent disrobed it of the myths and mysteries with which ignorance and crude intelligence had invested it.—*Courier-Journal*, Louisville, Ky.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*


SAWING WOOD.
MIXING MORTAR.
STREET SWEEPERS.
CLEAVING BRICK.
J. W. Beatty del
GRADING A STREET

GERMAN LABOR.

## GERMAN LABOR.

In the above series of sketches it has evidently been the design of our artist to give us an idea how largely the women of Germany figure in those departments of labor that in our own country are occupied solely by men. Sawing wood, mixing mortar, and grading the streets are occupations that to the American mind seem utterly unsuited to the so-called "weaker" sex. The practice of guarding women from the rougher kinds of work has become so universal among us that our prejudices are shocked if we see them performing even the lightest sort of out-door labor.

But among the hardy peasants of Germany the weakness and inefficiency that exist among the females of our laboring classes would seem utterly surprising. They are accustomed to share the burden and the heat of the day with their men, and the pickaxe and saw accomplish the same amount of execution, whether wielded by hands masculine or feminine. There is no department of labor familiar to the male peasant of Germany that is not also equally well understood by his wife; they plant the seed, hoe the corn, and gather in the harvest side by side. The old stanza that is supposed to convey a correct idea of the duties of married life,

> "Now you're married, you must obey,
> You must be true to all you say;
> You must be kind, you must be good,
> And make your husband split the wood,"

would strike the German peasant maid with astonishment. She has no idea of distinction of sex in regard to labor, and the idea of wifely duties being comprised in the exercise of a few passive virtues would be a startling revelation.

It is hard to trace the origin of the present custom which in ultra-civilized countries exempts women from all the more laborious forms of work. Among the upper classes it has probably arisen from the chivalric idea which elevated the sex in a fictitious manner above the rougher males of the species as creatures to be worked for and worshiped; and, unfortunately, what the upper classes institute among themselves, the lower are too prone to copy. Women, when required to work at all, have been relegated to the house, the shop, and the factory, as places where they are less exposed, and where less severe drudgery is required. Thus through a stupid notion of suitability they have been forced into departments of labor where they are deprived of the life-giving element of open air, and where certain muscles are strained, while others are left to perish for want of proper exercise.

The German peasant girl knows nothing of the word "unfeminine," and consequently she is as healthy, vigorous, and replete with muscular ability as her male relatives. She does not bend over a cooking stove until her appetite is destroyed by the fumes of half-cooked food, and then only turn from it to inhale the steam from a wash-tub. At least half her time is spent among the healthful influences of out-door work. America is reproached with the sickliness of her women, and there can be little doubt that much of it is owing to the unhealthy work to which they are condemned.

## THE CESNOLA COLLECTION.

Through the courtesy of General Cesnola we are able to lay before our readers the following very interesting official report of the important discoveries he has recently made in the Island of Cyprus, the results of which have been secured to New York through the liberality of a number of her citizens:

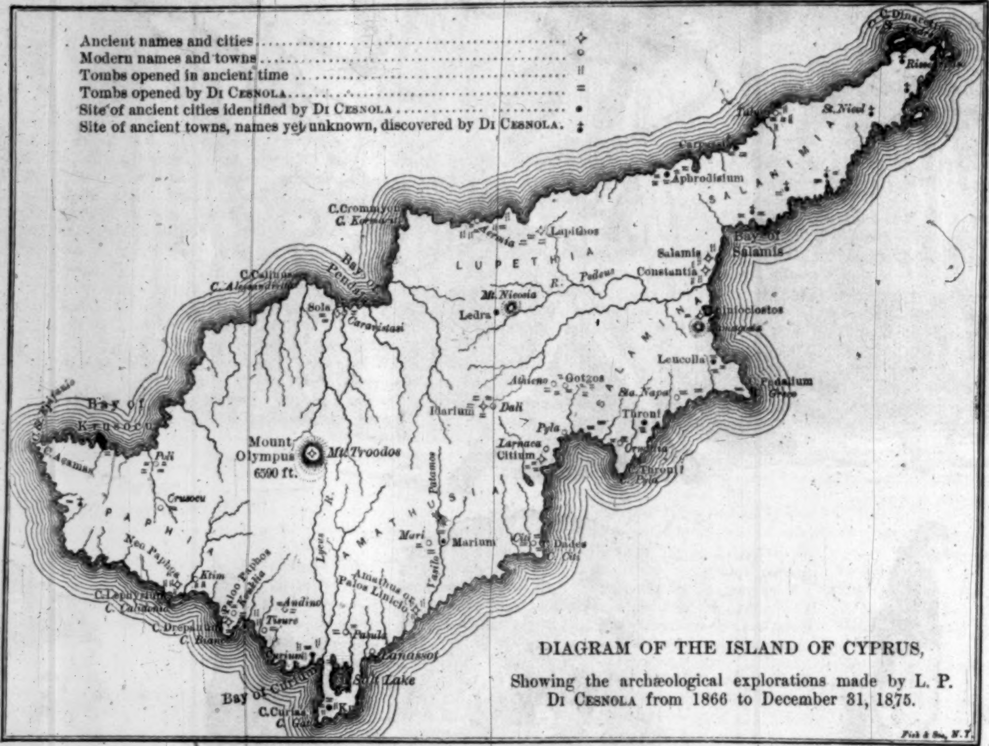


DIAGRAM OF THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS,

Showing the archæological explorations made by L. P. Di Cesnola from 1866 to December 31, 1875.

In the report I sent last year to the Museum I said that probably I would undertake further explorations at Salamis; consequently early in this spring I went there with my diggers for that purpose. According to Porphyrius, Meursius, and other authors, before the arrival of Teucer there existed a city named "Korona;" and the Greek hero, according to these authors, after the Trojan war, when banished by King Telamon, his father, from the kingdom of Salamis, came to Cyprus with his followers, took possession of "Korona," rebaptized it "Salamis," and made himself king over it.

After some weeks of explorations I found nothing which would warrant further excavations at that place.

In my opinion it will be very difficult hereafter and extraordinary to make any discovery of importance at Salamis, for the reason that I have assured myself that there very extensive excavations have been undertaken at different epochs and for various purposes.

The inhabitants of Cyprus took from Salamis (which had been entirely destroyed by an earthquake under the Emperor Constantine) all the material for the building of another city a few hundred yards distant, which was called "Constantia," either in honor of the emperor, or, according to some ecclesiastical writers, of King Casta, father of St. Catharine. During the Byzantine rule it continued to increase in size and population; became the residence of the Archbishop of Cyprus, St. Epiphanio, and was recognized as the capital of the island.

Under the Lusignan kings, according to a Cypriote writer, excavations were made and continued for nearly two centuries, both at Salamis, Constantia, and elsewhere, in search for architectural remains and sculptures with which to decorate the royal palaces of these Crusader kings; in fact, at Amathus, Cilium, Curium, the two Paphos, and Salamis, great many tombs are visible to-day which were explored very probably at that period.

It was during the reign of one of these French kings (Henry, 1290 A.D.) that the unfortunate but heroic city of Famagosta was built; her ninety Christian churches, now reduced to granaries and stables by the Ottoman conqueror; her beautiful Gothic Cathedral of St. Nicholas transformed into a mosque; her immense bulwarks, her many fine palaces, now in ruins—all these were constructed with the stones of Salamis exclusively; and when the material was wanting on the surface of the soil, it was searched for and found several feet beneath it. This is the reason why even the foundations of edifices have in some places entirely disappeared. Here and there is seen a shaft of a huge granite column, broken by stone-cutters in several fragments, and to the east of Salamis the ruined walls of a square building of the mediæval period. This is all that is yet visible upon the site where once stood the royal city of Salamis. The stone foundations of those of her edifices which are still extant are buried beneath several yards of sand. Wherever I explored I convinced myself that others had visited those localities long before me, and therefore I gave up diggings at Salamis.

More or less the same thing may be said of Constantia, entirely leveled to the ground by the "Lion-hearted" King Richard, though the city was already for more than a century in decaying condition, and with very few inhabitants. Her building material was used under the Venetian republic to repair and strengthen the walls of Famagosta, in anticipation of that long siege which she had to sustain from the Turks, and which sealed her fate and that of this island.

From Salamis, always coasting the sea, I took the direction of Larnaca. In the vicinity of Cape Greco, which Strabo calls "Pedalium," I had my tents pitched for several days. East of this promontory, some twenty minutes' walk from it, I discovered the site upon which once existed the city of Leucolla; she owes the honor of being recorded by Strabo for no other reason but for that of having accidentally given the name to the great naval battle fought near her harbor by Demetrius and Ptolemy (B.C. 306).

Beyond Cape Greco, and always along the seashore, after many unsuccessful attempts I succeeded at last to recognize and identify the exact site whereupon was built a Greek city called "Throni," which Strabo mentions in his book as if by accident, but leaves us in doubt whether he intended to speak of a city or of a promontory. This spot is called at the present day by the inhabitants "Torno," and lies between Cape Greco and Cape Pyla.

During my pedestrian perambulations in that neighborhood, at the very extreme point of Cape Pyla, not far from the ruins of a circular tower of mediæval construction, at an elevation of about one hundred feet from the sea, I discovered by mere chance a long cavern excavated twenty-seven feet in the rock, which I had the curiosity to enter. To my surprise I found in it a great mass of petrified bones, the larger portion of which appeared to me to be human. They adhere so tenaciously to the walls and pavement of the cavern that it may be said they form an integral part of them. After two hours of hard labor with iron tools we succeeded in detaching a few pieces; some I sent to the Royal Academy of Sciences of Turin, of which I am a member, and the remainder has been packed up in one of the boxes sent to our Museum in New York. A few days later I was conducted to see another such cavern, smaller in size, and only forty minutes' walk from the former. There, also, are great many petrified bones adhering to the pavement, and apparently of the same period of the others. The Christian peasants of the neighborhood are convinced that the bones are those of thirty Christian Greek martyrs. Every year in the month of March they go in procession, headed by their priests, to this cavern, in order to pray on these "prehistoric bones." I spoke to the Archbishop of Cyprus, and advised him to put a stop to such absurdity; and in order to have the desired effect upon him, I told him that those bones were "antediluvians," and probably all belonging to beasts. He promised to put an end to those processions.

On my return to Larnaca, by the desire and at the request of Professor John Ruskin, of London, I superintended some excavations made at Soli for his account; they lasted, however, but a few months, and with the exception of some three or four fine statuettes, some heads, and several vases, the result has not been brilliant. At Soli, in order to find good things one must remove first from the surface of the soil many tons of earth brought down from the neighboring mountains by the annual rains, and which has accumulated upon those ruins to the height of several yards; and this preparatory work would be both expensive and unprofitable for several months.

In the month of June, having terminated the explorations at Soli, and being harvest time, I dismissed most of my diggers, retaining only those who had no land of their own. With these I started for Amathus, with the purpose only of taking notes and surveying the locality. I had resolved to give up extensive diggings; but the discovery of a most important sarcophagus full of sculptures in high relief made me change my resolution, at least for the time being.

Amathus (called by the Latin poets Amatunta) was one of the oldest Phœnician cities of Cyprus. It was built on the crest and southern slope of a rocky hill, neither very high nor very large, and detached from several others which surrounded it. Traces of a pier, now under water, are still visible near the sea-shore. It was surrounded by a thick wall, the foundation of which I met on the northeast side of the hill after digging a few feet below the surface of the ground. Remains of another wall are also seen around that hill at different places, but it is of a more recent construction than the other, and is probably Byzantine work.

On the eastern side of the hill, cut in the rock in fine, large characters, I discovered the following inscription:

ΛΟΥΚΙΟΣΟΥΤΕΛ
ΛΙΟΣΚΑΛΛΙΝΙΚΟΣ
ΤΗΝΑΝΑΒΑΣΙΝΤΑΥ
ΤΗΝΣΥΝΤΗΑΨΙΔΙ
ΕΚΤΟΥΙΔΙΟΥΚΑΤΕΣΚΕΥ
ΑΣΕΝ

"Lucius Vitellius Callinicus constructed this mountain road, together with the arch, at his own expense."

I was unable to discover any traces of the arch mentioned in this inscription; and, to tell the truth, I am at a loss to guess where and how it could have stood. It is on the summit of this eminence that a French archæologist, Count de Vognè, in 1862, visiting the island, took possession, in the name of France, of an immense stone vase, which is now deposited in the Louvre Museum. Fragments of another similar vase still exist, and are lying a few feet from the spot where the other was for many centuries standing, and in view of every passer-by.

Although in the southern slope of the hill of Amathus there are great many tons of stones which have once served to the construction of ancient buildings, yet very seldom are found among those débris any architectural or sculptured remains.

Nevertheless, during my absence from Cyprus in 1873 fragments of a colossal statue, cut out of the calcareous stone of the island, were exhumed there. Its style is very archaic. The head has a beard trimmed after the Assyrian fashion. It holds a lion without a head by the hind-legs. It has all the appearance of being the titulary divinity of Amathus, namely, "Melkart," the Phœnician Hercules (probably used at a later period for decorating a public fountain, as the head of the lion was cut, and a square hole pierced through the neck of the animal for the introduction of a metal pipe). After great deal of official correspondence between the British consul at this place, who pretended to have claims upon that monument, and the Governor-General of the island, the latter got the best of the argument, and at a cost of nearly $500 in gold it was shipped to Constantinople, and is now deposited in the "Imperial Ottoman Museum of St. Irene;" but really it is an irony to hear called by such high-sounding names a dirty, small magazine of antiquities without any order or classification, and in the middle of which stand ten or twelve drums belonging once to the ferocious soldiers called Janissaries, destroyed by Sultan Mahmoud half a century ago.

Dr. Dethier, a German scholar, who has been appointed director of the so-called museum with a high salary, and whose duty, as he told me, amounts next to nothing, has published the colossal figure above named in an illustrated newspaper of the Turkish capital; he believes it to represent Bacchus.

At Amathus there are different localities where tombs abound, but the greater portion lie along the sea-shore. These tombs are oven-shaped, and excavated in a sandy soil at a depth varying from three to five feet. Most of them contained but one body. The objects therein discovered were glass, always broken, but with beautiful iridescence (this being generally the case when the tombs are near the sea), terra cotta lamps of the first and second century of our era, large amphoræ similar in shape to those found at Pompei; seldom gold ornaments of any value.

Another kind of tombs are those, cut in the rock, on the adjacent hills west of Amathus. They are oblong, and cut horizontally in irregular tiers; none are over seven feet in length, and the majority of them measure scarcely six feet. They were all opened centuries ago.

The third group of tombs is situated in a field northeast of Amathus, encircled by low hills, forming, as it were, a natural amphitheatre, and contain sarcophagi made either of white marble imported from abroad, or of calcareous stone of this island.

These sepulchres are all built with finely cut stones, and are the handsomest I have discovered in the island.

I examined many of them. They are found by digging at a depth of forty to fifty-five feet below the surface of the ground, and it is quite difficult to get at them, as the entrances of these tombs are not all facing in the same direction.

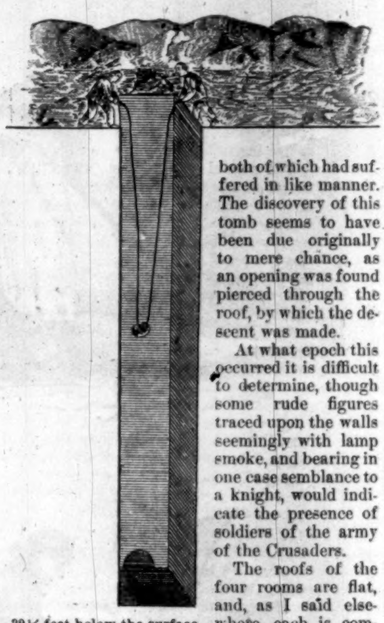
Some of them have but a single room, others have two, and some four. Their chambers are all built with large stones, some measuring twenty feet in length, nine feet in width, and three feet in thickness. But their average size is the following: length, fourteen feet; width, seven and and a half feet; thickness, two feet.

These tombs are of two different shapes: one with a flat roof and square walls like the following sketch, the roof in every instance being composed only of three large slabs; and the other, with the roof in the form of what we call in the American army a "wall tent." These tombs, the construction of which must have cost a large amount of money and much labor, probably belonged to the royal and aristocratic families of Amathus. Those of but one room have always one, often two, and sometimes three, sarcophagi inside. When with one only, it is invariably found placed in the centre of the room; when two, they are placed to the right and left of the entrance, with their heads toward the wall. When three are found inside, two are placed, as before stated, to the right and left, and the third one near the wall, opposite the door.

The position of the sarcophagi inside these tombs never varies, whether the latter have one, two, or four chambers.

In one composed of two rooms, for instance, I found as many as ten sarcophagi. Four sarcophagi were deposited in the first, and six in the second room. Their position was exactly as described before, with this difference, that the five extra sarcophagi were superposed to the other five. All were made of calcareous stone, without any ornament.

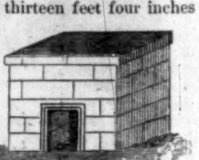
No tombs were discovered with more than four rooms; and of these only two, one of which contained the sculptured sarcophagus, of which I sent a photograph to the president of the Metropolitan Museum. The sculptured sarcophagus was in the centre of the inner room facing the entrance, and there lay in a heap, broken to pieces by the Vandals who, centuries ago, had opened this tomb; and being perhaps disappointed in finding the treasure they sought, wreaked their vengeance upon this rare gem of Oriental art and of pure Cypriote manufacture. Fortunately, however, the stone of which it is composed being soft, it is easy to restore it. In the adjacent chambers were two plain sarcophagi, both of which had suffered in like manner. The discovery of this tomb seems to have been due originally to mere chance, as an opening was found pierced through the roof, by which the descent was made.

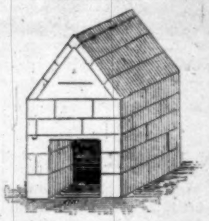


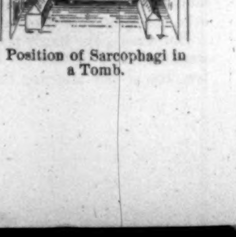
39½ feet below the surface.

At what epoch this occurred it is difficult to determine, though some rude figures traced upon the walls seemingly with lamp smoke, and bearing in one case semblance to a knight, would indicate the presence of soldiers of the army of the Crusaders.

The roofs of the four rooms are flat, and, as I said elsewhere, each is composed of three large stones. The first, or entrance chamber, is nine feet seven inches high, thirteen feet four inches long, and eight feet three inches wide. This tomb was discovered at a depth of thirty-nine and a half feet from the surface of the soil, the door facing the west. The three lateral chambers are each eight feet nine inches in length, seven feet ten inches in height, and eight feet two inches in width. The sarcophagi in all these tombs were placed on a very fine pavement of square stones, except in one tomb, in which I discovered a beautiful sarcophagus of fine white marble, having sculptured upon it a female head of colossal proportions in early or archaic Greek style—something like the one existing in the Museum at New York, but with the difference that this is much finer







Position of Sarcophagi in a Tomb.

in every way, and is Greek. In this case the sarcophagus was elevated from the ground, and stood supported upon six flat stones.

Before leaving Amathus for Curium the removal of this sarcophagus occupied considerable of my time and thought, as with the means at my disposal it was a very difficult undertaking.

We were possessed of no pulleys or other machinery for raising such weight, and were obliged, therefore, to rely solely upon ropes and hand force. Ten hours were employed in bringing it to the surface of the ground. It was then placed upon a low cart made expressly for that purpose, and thence dragged slowly by eight oxen and twenty-six men over rough fields strewn with stones.

We left the spot at noon; and although in twenty-five or thirty minutes a person can walk to the shore, we did not reach it till 6 P.M., having had to repair the cart, which groaned under the great weight, more than a dozen times. Notwithstanding, before night-fall I had the pleasure of seeing it safely conveyed on board a boat which was lying in waiting for it, and to see it set sail for Larnaca, where, two days afterward, I heard it had reached safely.

During our "march to the sea" I ordered my servant to strike the tents, to pack up every thing, and to start for Curium, a distance of five long hours' ride.

In summer, for a European, the only possible time in which he can travel with a little comfort is after sundown. I started at ten o'clock, and, accompanied by a brilliant moon, I reached the western shore of Cyprus just as the sun was making its appearance.

Curium was built, like Amathus, on the summit of a rocky elevation, some 300 feet from the level of the sea.

The Argives, according to Strabo, were the first inhabitants of Curium. After having selected that excellent situation, they cut the rock perpendicularly on the south and east sides in such a manner that at a short distance one believes to be opposite a huge mediæval castle in ruins.

At the base of the rock, and on the slope of the adjacent hills, there are great many rock-cut tombs, some hemispheric, others like square sepulchral chambers, which have been opened centuries ago.

The city of Curium, besides having been built, like an eagle's nest, upon an almost inaccessible eminence, had still a Cyclopean wall on the crest of that hill, which formed a belt around the city.

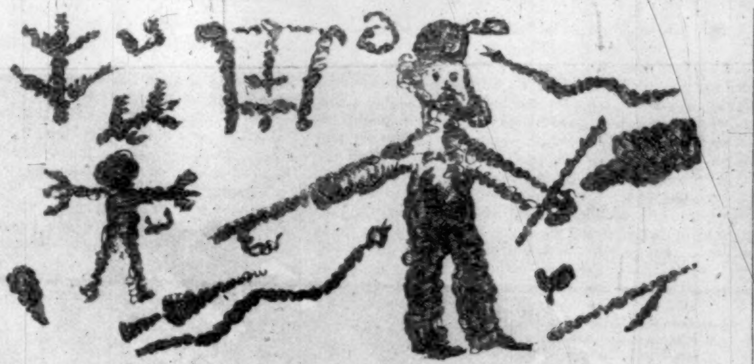
Curium had three entrances. Those on the south and west sides are yet quite visible; that on the north has disappeared.

The most important of these entrances seems to have been the western one, which faced the sea and the fine bay of Curium, because, unlike the others, it was flanked by two square towers, which apparently defended it, as their foundations are connected with those of the Cyclopean wall above named. I had all the débris removed from one of these for the purpose of measuring its foundations. I found them almost square—twenty-five feet by twenty-four.

If a person enters these ruins from the south entrance, and takes a northern direction, after six or seven minutes' walk he will find himself face to face with a circular structure, which measures in circumference 720 feet. It has to me all the appearance of having been a theatre. In its immediate vicinity a great mass of stones and rubbish covers small square foundations of buildings divided by a street thirty-seven feet wide. There must have been the business portion of the city. The area occupied by Curium was much more extensive than that of Amathus, or "Paloo Limissò," as it is called at present by the inhabitants of Cyprus.

With the exception of the ruins of "Neo Paphos," which are mostly Roman, there is no other place in Cyprus which shows upon the surface of the soil such a quantity of débris than Curium. I counted seventeen spots whereupon there are columns, half buried, either of marble or granite, and which are lying there, very probably, in the same position in which they have fallen many centuries ago. Nothing is now seen standing; every thing lies prostrate by time. This city seems to have been destroyed by some convulsion of the earth. Many small mounds of rubbish mark the site of private dwellings, while larger ones indicate that of public edifices and palaces. For nearly two months I have visited these ruins almost daily. I explored in preference some of those mounds which have columns lying around them, and from fragments of votive offering and statues, I am led to believe that they were small temples or shrines.

One of these spots attracted more especially my attention. It had eight granite columns half buried near it. In having one removed, while excavating around it, I perceived that the column was lying upon a fine mosaic pavement inlaid with Assyrian and Egyptian patterns, such as the guilloche, the lotus flower, etc., a portion of which I have been able to save for our Museum.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIGURES ON THE WALLS.

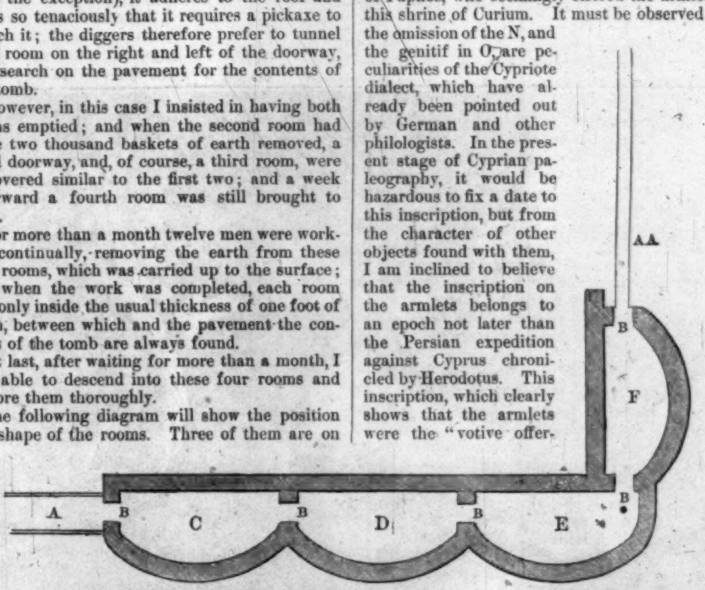
After all the columns had been removed, I perceived that the mosaic had been badly destroyed by some treasure hunter, who, after having dug about six feet beneath it, evidently gave up the work as unprofitable. I examined that place with great care, and I became convinced that it sounded hollow at several places, especially on the east side of the mosaic. In fact, after reaching the rock some twenty feet deeper, I found a subterranean passage cut in the rock eleven feet long, four and a half feet wide, and four feet high. At one end it must have had communication with the edifice above, though no traces are visible now. At the other end I found a door cut in the solid rock, closed by a stone slab, similar to those usually found in front of the Phœnician tombs in Cyprus. After the stone had been removed, I found an oven-shaped room filled with fine earth, which had percolated through the roof. In the process of removing this earth another doorway was discovered leading into another room likewise filled to the top with earth. Informed by my chief digger of this occurrence, I descended into the first room to examine the place, and while poking with my foot-rule in a corner, in order to see at what profondity was the pavement, I found a gold bracelet, with several rings and ear-rings of the same metal, all in a pile, as if hidden there purposedly by somebody. This was extraordinary, for when gold ornaments are found in a tomb, they are always mixed up with human bones. After this unexpected discovery I ordered the entire earth to be removed from both rooms. Such a thing is very seldom done here when the tomb is composed of one or two rooms only, because when they are found full of earth inside (and this, unfortunately, is rather the rule than the exception), it adheres to the roof and walls so tenaciously that it requires a pickaxe to detach it; the diggers therefore prefer to tunnel each room on the right and left of the doorway, and search on the pavement for the contents of the tomb.

However, in this case I insisted in having both rooms emptied; and when the second room had some two thousand baskets of earth removed, a third doorway, and, of course, a third room, were discovered similar to the first two; and a week afterward a fourth room was still brought to light.

For more than a month twelve men were working continually, removing the earth from these four rooms, which was carried up to the surface; and when the work was completed, each room had only inside the usual thickness of one foot of earth, between which and the pavement the contents of the tomb are always found.

At last, after waiting for more than a month, I was able to descend into these four rooms and explore them thoroughly.

The following diagram will show the position and shape of the rooms. Three of them are on the east, and the fourth on the north side, of the mosaic pavement that once was above them.

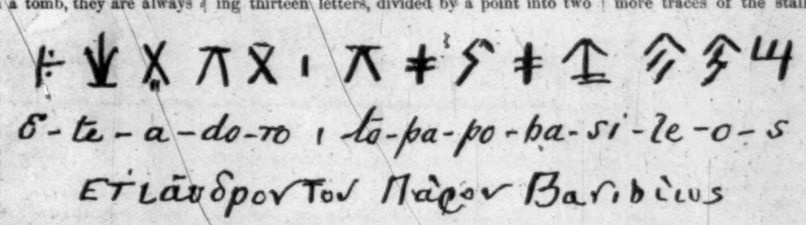


A, Passage facing the south, and leading to the rooms—length, 11 feet 4 inches; height, 3 feet 11 inches; width, 4 feet 10 inches. AA, Narrow passage facing west—height, 2½ feet; width, 2 feet. The length beyond 130 feet has been unexplored. B, Doorways communicating with the inner rooms. They measure alike—height, 2 feet 7 inches; width, 3 feet; depth or thickness of doorways, 1 foot 4 inches. C, D, E, Rooms or vaults. These three rooms measure alike—height, 14 feet 6 inches; width, 11 feet; length, 23 feet. F, Room—height, 14 feet; width, 9 feet; length, 21 feet.

After having carefully measured each room, and vainly looked for inscriptions, I returned to room "C," preceded by my chief digger, and followed by a man carrying a lantern, and we begun the researches on that spot where, by accident, a month before I had discovered the gold ornaments aforesaid. The layer of earth was removed; my chief digger searching in it carefully and delicately with the point of his knife, and passing the earth twice between his fingers, like through a sieve. Soon afterward the mate of the gold bracelet was found, in company with two engraved rings and four pairs of ear-rings. I remarked then, for the first time, the total absence of human remains and of sepulchral vases, and I came to the conclusion that it was not and could not be a tomb. Some time afterward I found out that the building which once existed above these vaults was a temple, and these the subterranean repositories, wherein the priests or priestesses of the temple safely deposited the votive offerings and treasure of the temple during sudden invasion of the island, or in time of war. I was prepared, however, and satisfied, that whatever was to be found therein would be only that which, for some unknown reason, had been left behind. If that place had been found out by some treasure hunter and ransacked, the stone slab would not have been replaced before the entrance door.

My musings were agreeably cut short by a loud exclamation from my chief digger, who handed to me two large gold armlets weighing about three pounds; but great was my pleasure when I saw upon each of them, beautifully engraved, an inscription in Cypriote characters. I ascended to the surface to examine them more carefully, and I found that both armlets had the same inscription.

The Cypriote inscriptions found hitherto in the western part of the island are read from left to right, while all the others are read *vice versa*. The inscription on the armlets consists of the following thirteen letters, divided by a point into two groups, of which the first is the name of a king of Paphos, who seemingly offered the armlets to this shrine of Curium. It must be observed that the omission of the N, and the genitif in O, are peculiarities of the Cypriote dialect, which have already been pointed out by German and other philologists. In the present stage of Cyprian paleography, it would be hazardous to fix a date to this inscription, but from the character of other objects found with them, I am inclined to believe that the inscription on the armlets belongs to an epoch not later than the Persian expedition against Cyprus chronicled by Herodotus. This inscription, which clearly shows that the armlets were the "votive offering," or a present of a king of Paphos, confirmed me in my opinion that the building above with the mosaic pavement had been a temple of some importance. During the several days employed in searching room "C," I remained continually inside of it. Of the three persons therein I was the least excited, though there was a good excuse for it. At every moment gold ornaments were exhumed, and nothing else. Among them there were many signet-rings, with a movable scarabeus finely cut either in agate, carnelian, jasper, onyx, or other hard stones. Most of the representations engraved upon these scarabei are Egyptian and Assyrian. It would be too tedious were I to describe here one by one all the fine and valuable gold objects I found in room "C."


e-te-a-do-ro ı to-pa-po-ba-si-le-o-s
Ετεάνδρον τον Πάφον Βασιλῆος

Suffice to say that, with the exception of three little amphoræ in crystal (as rare and as precious as gold), all the other objects found in said room were of gold. In room "D" the objects found therein were all in silver, and they consist in vases, cups, bowls, pateræ, armlets, bracelets, rings, and ear-rings. Also a few Babylonian and Assyrian cylinders, three or four of which, with inscriptions in cuneiform characters. Room "E" contained, with the exception of a bronze lamp and a fine chariot in calcareous stone, many fine vases, with statuettes in relief, or with birds painted upon, and also two or three of the so-called Etruscan kind—one Kilis especially, and a Kalpis, are intact, and very fine specimens.

Room "F," which is somewhat smaller than the others, has a doorway on its western wall, which leads to a narrow passage or tunnel, the end of which has been an impossibility for me to find. The foul air inside, the earth percolated through the roof, its narrowness, which does not permit to stand or to turn backward, render the thorough exploration of it a matter of utter impossibility. I entered it with the chief digger, each of us holding a light; but beyond 130 feet the lights went out, and, crab-like, we were obliged to come back, very lucky not to have remained suffocated inside.

I have mentioned this tunnel before describing the contents of room "F," for the reason that the latter was filled with the earth removed from the passage, and required several days before it could be explored. In this room every object found is of bronze, copper, and iron, and forms by itself a very interesting and valuable collection. There are many candelabra, some seven feet high, others less than a foot; lamps, mirrors, cups, bowls, vases, etc., etc.; bulls' heads, birds, statuettes, etc.

When I finished the thorough exploration of these four rooms I had the earth replaced inside, the ground above leveled as before (these being the conditions imposed upon me by the owners of the ground and by the imperial firman), and then I prepared to return to Larnaca with all my treasures.

During the month in which my diggers were employed in removing the earth from the four rooms, I continued to explore superficially the ruins of Curium.

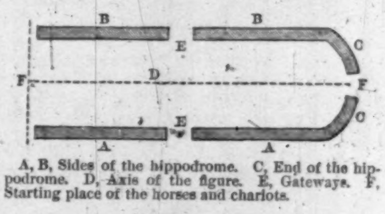
North of this mosaic pavement, some fifteen minutes' walk, and outside the city walls, there are the ruins of a hippodrome, the walls of which are yet standing; at some places the height is yet twenty-two feet, while at others is scarcely six feet.

The following diagram shows the form of the hippodrome.

The entrance was facing the city; there are no more traces of the stalls for the chariots, and probably never existed, as I did not find any foundations there. No architectural remains or fragments of statues were discovered among the débris, which now fill the area inside.

The whole length of the hippodrome is 1296 English feet, measuring eighty-four feet in width. The three gateways measured alike eight feet in width. Compared to that of Olympia, this hippodrome was insignificant, its size being scarcely one-fourth of the former.

Beyond the hippodrome, in a northwestern direction, at twenty minutes' distance, are the ruins of the temple of "Apollo Hylates," which I explored last year, and mentioned in my report. Near these ruins there is a promontory from which, Strabo says, the ancient priests used to throw into the sea those who touched the altar of Apollo with their hands. I visited it, and I am convinced that the victim was instantaneously killed.



A, B, Sides of the hippodrome. C, End of the hippodrome. D, Axis of the figure. E, Gateways. F, Starting place of the horses and chariots.

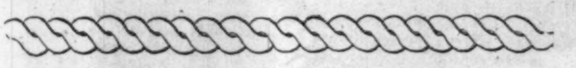
The entire collection consists of the following objects:

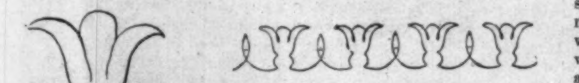
| | Pieces. |
|---|---|
| Marble sarcophagus, with colossal head | 1 |
| Stone sarcophagus, full of sculptures | 1 |
| Gold, precious stones, cylinders, and scarabei | 511 |
| Silver and silver-gilt objects, Cyprus coins, etc. | 272 |
| Objects in bronze, copper, lead, iron, and coins | 440 |
| Objects in alabaster, ivory, marble, and serpentine | 125 |
| Egyptian, Greek, and Roman lamps | 555 |
| Terra cotta statuettes—heads, groups, etc. | 800 |
| Stone statues, bass-reliefs, heads, statuettes, etc. | 1150 |
| Glass-ware—ointment cups, bottles, bowls, etc. | 750 |
| Phœnician, Greek, and Roman vases | 2400 |
| Cypriote, Phœnician, and Greek inscriptions | 45 |
| Egyptian blue-glazed idols and armlets | 110 |
| Sundry articles—mosaic, etc. | 50 |

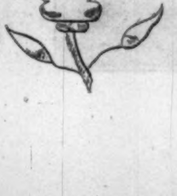
My archæological labors in Cyprus are very soon terminated, and I hope before the end of next year to be able to leave this island.

L. P. DI CESNOLA.

LARNACA, *December* 23, 1875.







---

## ITALIAN CHILDREN.

THE two children depicted on the following page belong to a land where one of the hardest evils of poverty, cold, is almost unknown. In the southern part of Italy, as well as in Sicily, the thermometer rarely falls below the freezing-point of water; snow and ice are unknown, except on the very summit of Mount Etna; tropical fruits, such as dates, sugar-cane, and the cotton plant, thrive in the open air. A serene sky of the deepest and purest blue smiles upon the land, while cooling breezes from the Mediterranean temper the heat to a delicious mildness. Drought and hot winds sometimes parch the earth and the air, and the land sometimes trembles with the shock of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. But the poor never suffer as they do in northern climates, where the snow covers the ground for months, and the sharp air benumbs their scantily clothed limbs.